LIFE AT SEA AND PORT

WITH

PEN PICTURES OF THE ARCTIC

DESCRIPTIVE LETTERS

OF

CLARA KINGMAN WHELDEN

460

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Captain Alexander Whelden.



Mrs.Clara Kingman Whelden.



The Whaling Bark "John Howland."

In Loving Remembrance Of
Her Maternal Grandmother ,
Clara Kingman Whelden,
I Dedicate This Book
To My Daughter,
Clara Kingman Thorn.
With Fond Appreciation Of
Her Devotion.

Laura Whelden Thorn.

1905.

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Life At Sea

With Pen Pictures Of The Arctic.

Descriptive letters written by

Mrs.Clara Kingman.Whelden

During seven years cruising on

the high seas.

with her husband,Alexander Whelden

Captain of the Whaling Bark

" John Howland."

1864 To 1870.

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Part 1.

Sailing Of The Bark "John Howland"

From New Bedford, Mass.

Bound for The Sandwich Islands

Via Cape Horn.

The whaling bark "John Howland" commanded by Captain Alexander Whelden was one of the few vessels that rounded Cape Horn and plunged amid the ice-bergs of the Arctic ocean many times during a period of over ten years without wreck or mishap.

Some years afterwards, however, under the command of Captain Green she was wrecked in the ice floes of the Behring sea.

It is also a remarkable fact that during the fifty years of Captain Whelden's sea-faring life, he never lost a vessel, nor did he ever see a man drowned.

In the latter part of the month of May 1864. the bark John Howland maned and provisioned for a long cruise, slowly glided out of the harbor of New Bedford.

Upon the deck, waving adieus to relatives and friends stood Captain Whelden, his wife and little daughter.

The afternoon was cloudy; but now and then a brilliant ray of sunshine would fall on the bay and vessels lighting them up for an instant, and then closing over again.

The trip down and out of Buzzard Bay to the ocean beyond was fraught with lingering glances of the familiar shore until all was lost in the dim distance, and the sturdy bark destined to be the future home for many months of the trio family , was battling with the swell of the wide Atlantic. The sunlight falling from behind, shone through the body of each wave, making it of the most transparent brilliant emerald, and tinting the foam with every hue of the rainbow.

The incidents of the journey , and experiences of Mrs. Whelden who, for the first time, had ventured out

upon the high seas, and her descriptions of the varied scenes and events in a cruise through the North and South Pacific and far into the icy regions of the Arctic, can best be told by the following extracts from her numerous letters written to members of her family and friends.

North Atlantic

Off Flores, July 6th.1864.

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My previous letters (sent by the Pilot) have been brief and hurried. Brief,because of but little to narrate,and my inability to note down even that little; and hurried in consequence of the short intervals between each attack of sea-sickness and the stupid feeling following,and sleeping off the effects.

We have had,so the seamen say, more unpleasant weather than common for this region at this season.

I have found it somewhat difficult to walk the deck some part of the time,but I got along as well as could be expected until finally forced to go to bed , where I have been a greater part of the time.

Tuesday we had what Captain called a "moderate gale",and things tossed about lively. I did not feel frightened at all, and being somewhat refreshed from much sleep

I felt inclined to take things easy, and to laugh when the tin-pans moved about, and the cups and saucers took a slide, which they seemed much inclined to do owing to a propensity which our steward has of placing them one within the other on top of a pile of plates surrounded by tumblers, knives, forks &c. You can imagine what a noise and clatter one "moderate" roll of the ship would create. Wednesday was more calm, and I ventured out to the sofa and began to eat toast and eggs, and by Saturday was so far recovered as to go on deck. The scene was somewhat changed ; no longer was there any familiar shore in view, nothing but the broad expanse of water, and the ship many miles distant from her native land.

When I came aboard I did not think I should stay down in the cabin so long and not have my daily walk upon deck.

I now go on deck every pleasant day and it seems good to have the change, though I am not averse to

remaining in the cabin. I am slightly sea-sick whenever we have a heavy sea, but I soon find relief by taking the bed which is always right side up. At first I thought there was more motion to the bed than anything else, but I soon learned that it was the ship and not the bed that tossed; having proved it by placing a glass of water on the bed where it will remain undisturbed, even when we have a full sea.

The bed is without discomfort to the occupant, and unaffected by any motion of the ship, and I find it a great convenience during a gale.

We are now very near Flores, one of the western islands. We had not planned to go directly there, but having had some difficulty in shipping men before sailing, we came away without the usual number and are going in here for the purpose of getting some more.

I do not expect to leave the ship as Captain may be detained but a few hours. If it is so

that I can go ashore, I shall, if only for the sake of saying that my feet have sat upon the island.

Yesterday we saw a fin-back whale, a species that are too wild to pursue . We have not seen a live sperm yet, but the remains of one was seen yesterday.

This morning we were awakened early by the "Watch". I went on deck with my glasses to get a nearer view of the land. The sight was picturesque and beautiful , but it did not look like home , nor like anything I had ever seen.

The island is perpendicular for quite a height above the level of the sea, then gradually slopes to a much greater height. This grand slope is covered with little hills and valleys all bright and green and have the appearance of being cultivated. I can just distinguish two small settlements with buildings very low .

This morning the lowering clouds were below the tops of the hills which added very much to the wildness of the scene, but now they

have disappeared and I can see that the hillsare cultivated to the very top. I am looking forward to reaching Fayal in October where I expect to find scenery more beautiful than here. I find these islands are more remote from each other than I had expected, it being more than a day's sail from here to Fayal. Captain,with one officer and a boat's crew went ashore this morning. Their return may mean more men for the ship,and small fruit for ourselves.

P.M.

Captain has returned from the island and brought me a large bunch of pinks,something like the carnation,very beautiful and fragrant.

We have had a fine view all day between the islands of Flores and Corva. Corva looks like a large mountain surrounded by water.

Captain secured his men but cannot get them till after dark. The Portuguese have a law prohibiting men from being shipped from

the islands because so many of them have left for service in the army, but the men are willing enough to leave the islands slyly.

I am quite satisfied not to have gone ashore,and console myself with anticipations of landing at Fayal in October,if not before.

North Atlantic Ocean.

July 17th.1864.

.....

I have been thinking how pleasant it would be if I could write and mail my letters to-morrow morning. As it is, I do not know how to begin to write a little every week or so; but if my friends are to know how I live,as I promised they should, I must take care and not let too many days pass without writing something.

It is six weeks since we left home. Only occasionly does time hang heavily, not that I am discontented, but because I have left all my natural surroundings and entered upon a life so new and strange, so remote from all dear and familiar faces, save two, and so utterly incapable of moving beyond the limited extent of the bark.

The days and weeks will pass quickly enough, and I suppose gradually seem shorter as time speeds on.

It is when I think of home and the dear ones there, that I feel as if I had been absent six years instead of six weeks.

From the date of our departure from home until arrival at Flores the journey was uneventful, save a moderate gale that shook us up considerably for the first time; a shaking which I shall doubtless get accustomed to before we reach the Sandwich Islands.

Since leaving Flores we have had some very bad weather, one more moderate gale, but never a great ocean for more than two or three hours at a time.

Our bark has proved very comfortable, there being much less motion than one could think possible to see the waves rise and fall . I should know, however, that my house was not founded on a rock. Often, as I walk, even if I do not notice the motion, I feel as if weights were attached to my feet, which gives the feeling of an effort to lift them.

I have not escaped further attacks of sea-sickness, but it is growing less severe than at first and not lasting longer than the severity of the weather; indeed it seems to be governed entirely by the breezes now, and I do not suffer , only for the time being.

Owing to the uncertainty as to when the opportunity may present itself for mailing letters, I constantly keep a letter under way and add to it a little from day to day as occasion may require, and when the sea is smooth, and least motion to the ship.

Yesterday August 6th. we captured our first whale. It was a fine clear morning about sun-

rise when the welcome sound of "There she blows" was heard from "mast-head" nine times successively. This caused a confident expectation that something valuable was at hand. At half past five three little boats spread their sails and moved slowly over the blue surface of the waters. With what eagerness I watched them, a novel experience to me indeed.

I could not content myself below. What a beautiful sight it was , three little boats each with its orsmen and one little white sail, the only visible objects on that broad expanse. At first they diverged as though going in different directions,but after an hour they gradually approached each other,and in another hour the combat commenced, and proved successful.

They were so far away I could not distinctly see the attack,but after a while the spouting of the whale could be plainly seen with glasses. Captain was at mast head and assured us they were "fast",

but there seemed to be some unaccountable movements;,however all was right and the little boats turned homeward . Captain immediately called out, "cables, ropes,tubs,spades,"and other like utensils of the service,and by time the boats arrived they were ready to make an active attack upon the victim.

All day long I remained on deck and witnessed the tying of the monster to the ship,and then the motion of the spades until the great fish was disposed of .

It took the whole of the day to cut up the body of the whale . The head,that massive structure, was carefully severed from the body,and by means of a large heavy rope made fast to the ship and left to be drawn on board by means of mechanical power.

From this head was taken thirty barrels of oil ; eight of which, perfectly clear and pure, were dipped from the wondrous cavity.

When I saw them baling out the liquid with a dipper it did not seem possible that it couls be from the head of an animal.

The external appearance of the whale was very much as I supposed, but I never realized the weight , nor the labor of getting the valuable part of even one whale ready for the market. I knew that the blubber was taken from the whale while outside the ship, but had always imagined that it was stripped off in pieces about as large as a strong man would be able to lift. Instead of that I found that a greater power was used to draw in the pieces,and that the men were as careful as they would have been if a large block of granite had been coming on board.

After the pieces are brought on board they are put through a machine resembling a sausage-cutter, then the fires are kindled and the oil flows.

The day,to me,was one of novel enjoyment. While the whale was no doubt created for the purposes for which he has been used,and it may be,and doubtless is,right to

capture him,yet the procedure seems cruel.

I listen every day for that distant,far off call of "There she blows", the tone is peculiar and instantly calls all to action. There are some false alarms,but even they seem better than none.

There is not that disagreeable odor from the process of "chopping up a whale " that I had feared there would be,and the dirt and grease from it does not disturb my part of the ship.

This whale gave us sixty barrels of oil. It was remarked by some of the men that he was small, wich seemed to me like an unjust complaint ; but this is my first experience ; I may have a different opinion before I see the end of our cruise, but to my mind at present , sixty barrels of oil from one whale seems like a bananza, and I am as yet unable to realize the possibility of one fish of the sea possessing so much value.

At Flores we purchased sixteen chickens which we keep alive and kill them only as needed. Condensed milk answers every purpose for milk and cream, and the custards that I make would lead one to think that a cow was within milking distance.

I am a little bit surprised to find that this letter was commenced over a month ago with something added from time to time without any record of the dates. Many days seem so much like other days that, did I not busy myself with various duties life might grow monotonous, and the days seem long and weary.

When the weather is calm the cabin is a quiet retreat where one can forget for a while that they are gliding on and on over the broad sea . The only variety found in this sort of life is in the changeful moods of the sea . To-day calm and peaceful as a lake, to-morrow in rage, and the uncertainty hanging over us that the rage may increase into tumultuous frenzy.

I go upon deck and look out upon the rolling surface, the horizon seems near, and this great world of water does not appear to be the vast thing it is, we see so little of it . I go again, the scene has not changed ; the same expanse, the same apparent distance to the rim of the circle; and so day by day the same unceasing roll and motion, the same untiring, restless ebb and flow. Yet with it all there is an inexpressible charm about it, a charm found only in its unvarying isolation.

As we are liable at any time to sight a homeward bound ship, I shall close this letter preparatory for sending it by same.

North Atlantic.

October 7th.1864.

.....

This is a calm peaceful day, just right for writing letters, and I shall improve the favorable opportunity thus afforded. The last letter was by the "Greyhound". The one previously (unfinished) by the ship "R.E.Solon" to Fayal. It is pleasant to stay here so near home.

I am thinking more and more every day about leaving this place, and wondering how I shall feel when I am three or six months journey distant from home.

I have enjoyed this season to the utmost. The little whaling that I have seen has increased the desire to see more, and I am looking ahead with hope that we can go North the first season. It looks a long way off, and a long time yet before we can get there, but I feel that I have more courage than I had when I left home.

As time passes I grow more accustomed to the life before me and stronger for its duties .

Life at sea has its servant troubles and vexations as well as life on land , in fact,an undesirable cook on land is more easily disposed of than one at sea. Our steward is a good cook, having been connected with a hotel previous to engaging with us,but he has proved himself to be a miserable specimen of a man,besides extravagant and wasteful. We were obliged to banish him.

It is remarkable how many unfit and incompetent men find their way into sea service,mostly, however,through the outfitters on whom we are dependent for our men. Many from all classes drift into sea life as a last resort. One Captain said he had a wounded soldier just from a hospital, whose wounds required dressing every day. The same Captain said he ordered one of his men to mast head, and he replied,"I did not ship for that,sir."

On looking up the fellow's case he found him to be a frail young man who thought he would have an opportunity to gain his health at sea. And thus it is, men of all ages and conditions smuggle themselves into the service . We have almost every nation on the face of the earth represented. Bounty jumpers, suspected deserters, and I know not what all. Some are of high birth, but overtaken by misfortune. Some have been officers in the navy and army, and we hear everything, but the truth, from them all. They are very respectful and obedient, and generally continue so until they save up means enough to make them feel independent and rebellious.

October 17th.1864.

It is a bright beautiful day. and sails are seen in the distance. Perhaps we shall speak the ship before night. I hope she may be eastbound that I may send letters home. I have several ready , and shall finish this one also to go with them . Letters sent by a homeward bound ship reach their destination earlier than if I wait till arrival at port.

About the middle of September we spoke the "Java" sixteen days from home . From her we got news from the country, several Boston journals, one dozen apples and two bottles of berries put up this year. Soon after this we had a little alarm ; our minds were prepared for it by learning of the depredations of rebel pirates.

It was a cloudy afternoon when something was seen afar off which was called by a sailor at mast head a steamer. This was not very welcome news, though it was not

certain it was a steamer. We had grave fears of its proving to be the Florida or the Tallahassa, or some other rebel. I did not feel very much frightened, though the thought would arise in spite of all how little I could get along with in case we were captured, and which articles would be most useful in case I should be obliged to select one suit, and leave the rest. I thought I should try to wear the furs and must have a thick dress, as it would be cold by time I should reach home, if ever, and should also have a thin dress as it might be warm where they should land us; and thus my thoughts rambled on and led me to select a drab dress with black velvet trimming, the grey circular and the spring bonnet, and the furs in some way concealed about me .

I had a vision of home and kind friends meeting me expressing sympathy for my misfortune .

Captain said they should have no gold . He went so far as to say, "How easy it would be to throw it overboard!"

As the object approached nearer and nearer it proved to be a bark wrecked in a gale, and her masts so disarranged as to look in the distance very much like a steamer. Of course our minds were relieved . I some how felt as if I had enjoyed thinking how we should get out of trouble. I once more looked upon my things as my own and the pleasure ahead of writing a good many more letters . My furs would stay in the trunk, the gold in the bag, and I should not see my friends afterall, for some time to come.

I have mentioned in former letters about the "moderate gales." On October 11th. we experienced a very heavy gale , and for two or three hours the wind blew furiously and the sea rolled in wildest tumult. I was, of course. a little frightened,- who would

not be under such conditions ? I remained in bed till about four o'clock in the afternoon when we had a little less wind, and then ventured on deck to see the waves.

An officer held Laura in his arms, and Captain tied me to the side of the ship where I had a splended view . The ship was rolling so that the whale-boats on her side dipped into the sea; the water dashed over the bows as the waves rose mountain high leaping, foaming and hissing like boiling water. Finally the sun came out and made the scene truly brilliant .

I have much said, and there has been much written about the ocean in a storm, but, as compared with the real thing, how little can be told.

Were it not for the danger. doubtless people would often seek the stormy sea to view the wonderful sight as they do to see Niagara.

The weather has been fine ever since the storm, and the harvest moon is large and brilliant and the evenings are charming; the temperature is growing more and more autumn like , and soon we shall feel the need of fire.

I have heard once from home , which was a very pleasant surprise and I have felt much easier ever since . There are ,doubtless some letters waiting me now at the [illegible] Islands.

The ship we saw in the distance has arrived ; she is the bark "Roscoe", Captain Macomber. He is aboard us now. Laura and the Mate have gone to visit the "Roscoe", and to see the Captain's wife and two children. They are fifty four months from home . We shall send our letters by them, which you will receive about the middle of November.

North Atlantic Ocean.

October 31st.1864.

.....

I have had several unexpected opportunities for sending letters home ; the last,by the bark "Louisa" soon after sending a batch by the bark "Roscoe" :you may probably receive all about the same time.

We have taken,thus far,four whales; three were small.

Some ships have four hundred barrels of oil from the same number of whales from which we have taken only one hundred barrels, but we are hopeful of larger fish soon.

This is the first pleasant day we have had since speaking the "Roscoe". Very strong winds have been blowing most of the time ; almost a gale. It is fair to-day with light winds,and we are not sailing very fast.

Only seventy miles to Fayal. I have been looking at our "shore clothes", as the sailors say, and brushing them up ready for our arrival.

Fayal, November 8.

.....

We arrived at Fayal on the 1st., and to my delight found a goodly batch of letters from home. I leave it for you to imagine my pleasure in reading them over.

The "Fredonia" arrived from Boston the same day we reached here, bringing mail and papers. The last news I had from you previous to this was by letters received on the ocean the second of October, and it will be a long time before we shall again receive any mail. After you receive this you will address your letters to Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, until, at least, the last of January.

We expect to arrive at the Islands about the first of April. It was not our original intention to remain so long here at Fayal , but in consequence of there being a long storm on hand it was not deemed prudent to venture forth till the storm was over. It is now fair, and we shall probably sail in a day or two.

The week spent here has been an enjoyable one , and a very agreeable change to be on land again, but I should not be willing to remain and see the John Howland furl her sails leaving me behind. I have, evem here felt as if the quiet cabin of the ship would seem more like home.

I have visited the gardens and orange-groves with much interest and pleasure, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather which prevailed most of the time.

This morning a party of eight started on donkeys for "Castello Blanco". (White Rock). a distance of seven miles from the hotel.

Laura, and myself were among the number . We returned safely, tho' feeling somewhat fatigued after the fourteen miles donkey ride there and back.
I am unable to do justice to a full description of the picturesque beauty of the scenery of which, the more I saw the more delightful it appeared.

The island of Fayal seems to be one vast hill with many little hills upon it ; I should call them all mountains were it not for "Pico", opposite this island, whose summit is seven thousand feet above the level of the sea.

At one time it was volcanic, and the opening is still there . But few ever attempt to ascend this mountain , its sides are so very precipitous and rugged. There are a few small settlements at its base, inhabited by very poor people. When compared with the height of this mountain , those at Fayal seem small and low, and yet to see them at home we should

consider them lofty. These hills are richly cultivated , and the different grains growing upon the slopes give many shades of green to the landscape. The orange-groves are also very beautiful, even in the distance, the leaves being very thick and of a dark green color. I have visited several of the "Dabney Gardens", (American Consuls), which seem more like plantations than gardens. Many rare and beautiful flowers are now in full bloom , though it is said the flowers of Summer are gone , and those of Winter yet to come ; many rich buds are to be seen which indicate the near approach of some splendid bloom.

I gathered a boquet of flowers containing the Calla, Arbutalea , Fucia, Rose. Coxcomb. Camillias white and red, the most beautiful I ever saw; and Geraneums of many varieties growing wild, such as we try to cultivate , and Belladonna Lilies and Chrysanthemums in numerous varieties.

The foliage is simply magnificent, and every genus of plant life seems to abound. The Camphor tree grows very large, and the Magnolia, not yet in bloom, is a very pretty tree. The Bananna plant is quite common, and always on duty producing its fruit , and never rests, but always in a stage from bursting bloom to ripening fruit. All sorts of Palm trees from the pigmy to the giant . Cactus grows everywhere, and often to be seen in the seams of the walls. Ivy, and climbing rose vie with each other in reaching the utmost top of the buildings , and then branch out for something higher to cling to. Japonicas, I am told are perpetual bloomers. Fig trees are now loaded with green fruit, and the orange harvest is at its height; they are gathered and carried from the groves to the packing-houses by girls and women who are paid ten cents per day . They take a bushel basket full of oranges, place it on their

heads and walk a long distance without showing any evidence of fatigue; always barefooted ,and have clothes of great variety of patchwork of which it would be difficult to tell the original fabric. They wear nothing on their heads , their load being the only covering and shield from the hot sun. All produce is brought down from the mountains by men,women and children in the same way,and it is seldom that anything like a cart is seen; and such as they have are made of wicker-work ; and the wheels are made fast to the axles and both revolve together with a creaking noise which can be distinctly heard for a quarter of a mile. The donkeys carry heavy burdens when rigged up two abreast with the weight between them,and the driver standing behind with a large round stick,or prod-pole, with a sharp iron point,urging them on most unmercifully.

If there ever was an animal

that should have been made without feeling , it is these poor donkeys.

The appearance of Fayal from the harbor, is much better than from closer observation; the city being on the water's edge , and the buildings face the ocean as though intended to be seen from there only; they are all white , and from the distance look like marble, but as you approach and get into the midst of them you see a mass of dilapidated structures, and many ruins. Stone and plaster are the principal material used in their erection. There are no windows in the first story, even the entrance-way of this hotel, and also that of the "Dabney Mansions", look more like well finished cellars, though dark and dismal: but the next story seems more habitable . The roofs are covered with earthen tiles , very much like our land drains; semi-circular, and placed one within the other, the appearance

at first view is like a lot of rusty stove-pipes placed side by side.

On visiting several of the houses, and two of the Dabney Mansions , I found them nicely furnished, but in the main, without carpets; in some were a sort of straw material for the floors, and in one Mansion there were no carpets at all but floors of nicely polished wood. I am informed that in this climate fleas, moths and much dampness gathers in the carpets. The people are a very supersticious race, and the rich are very proud and seldom seen on the streets. They employ the poor at eight cents per day, so it does not require a very large income to employ a house full of servants.

I must leave the abodes of the rich, and tell you something about the poor, and they are poor indeed. Their homes look like high stone walls with little square holes in them for windows ; no floors, no furniture, and seldom any beds.

The roofs are covered with a kind of brush, and in these miserable-dark huts the women sit making fine embroidery. I shall send you a veil, a collar and a pair of little stockings which I have purchased from them . I was very much interested in watching them at their work this morning .

These huts have no chimneys , and seldom need any fire , and when they have one the smoke comes out through the windows. I had a complete view of the outlying portions of the city this morning, and it was there I saw these abodes of poverty; it was along the shore, and such a shore ! it looked as if it had been suddenly thrown up in every possible form of crag and rock inland, and jutting out into the sea; in one instance forming a natural bridge of thin arches with the sea rolling through; In another instance caves were formed in the coast large enough for boats to sail in and out.

The more I see of the island

the less I wonder that the people fear earthquakes from which, two years ago they had repeated shocks.

I should fear to live here, or even remain very long at one time, everything in nature looks so wild.

We shall sail from here very soon, the men are becoming uneasy. The morals of sailors are not improved when at Port ; it seems to develop their true characters.

Captain has provided the ship with five thousand oranges, chickens. potatoes, etc. and one hundred oranges for each of the men aboard.

South Atlantic Ocean.

December 9th. 1864.

.....

Once more at sea; It seems as if I must be nearing some Port instead of just from Port with the prospect of a long journey before I shall see land again.;I realize it more,and more each day as my letters remain unmailed , but I am trying to indulge myself in the pleasant delusion that I shall soon be in Port reading the last letters from home ; yet many weeks must pass before I can really have the desired pleasure.

We are four weeks from Fayal. I must tell you first about the weather . The first week out was delightfully cool with light soft breezes,but we did not proceed very swiftly on our way. The second brought those wonderful trade winds of which I had so often heard,and of which the Physical Geography has so much to say. One must feel the breezes ,and pass through them,to

know just what they are.

So steadily has the ship progressed on her way that I have often asked ."are we sailing ?" and Captain would reply ."yes,at this rate we shall go more than two degrees in twenty four hours." Sometimes.however.the breezes have been stronger with some motion to the ship ,and we have sailed faster. Our Latitude is now 22 degrees South.

The weather for three weeks past has been very warm, even more than "very warm" ,exceedingly hot, and Laura has seemed to be in a melting condition.notwithstanding I removed all her garments except such as decency required.

The temperature has been from 82 to 87 all the time in the shade and coolest place we could find. Several showers havs suddenly occurred,but continuing only ten or fifteen minutes ,and then all is clear and pleasant again. Excepting the heat,not one really unpleasant day has

greeted us since we left Fayal. Every window has been open ,and I have enjoyed the weather ,and the change from our last month on the Western ground.

We are a little South of the Sun,though it looks to be nearly over our head and casts its rays straight down on my desk directly under the sky-light window.

The ship is under full sail and looks beautiful as she glides along so gracefully. Not one of you at home but would be pleased to leave the snow storm ,which perhaps you are having to-day, for this delightful air and blue sky, and more than that , the privilege of spending the day on board the "John Howland",and seeing us just as we are.

If you were here , I could feast you on oranges,string beans, roast beef.fried oysters and squash pie. Our last box of oranges has just been brought down. Laura eats them as she did apples at home; I dare not tell you how many each day.

The hens furnish us daily with eggs much to the joy of Laura who thinks it is quite an important duty of hers to bring them below.

Our bread continues to be as good as ever, and our appetites equally as good; my own is particularly "uncommon". (You will remember who said that at our table at one time,- at least, Willard will.)

I no longer go without breakfast, my two slices of toast and cup of coffee are always ready, and though they are eaten morning after morning, they always taste good; I commenced with them at Fayal , and it seems now as if they would always find a place on my breakfast table.

Salt food we do not touch; so you see there is such a thing as living at sea without eating one morsel of salt meat. I mention this because so many of my friends at home seemed to think it would be salt pork three times a day and nothing else, and I was more than half inclined to think so myself;

not knowing then that fresh food could be preserved and kept good so long. Captain said at one time before we came away that I should not eat any more salt food than I did at home. It was once said to me by a boarder at a certain boarding house , in an under tone at the dinner table, "If you can get along with this ,never fear for your living at sea." But still I was troubled,as I always felt such a disgust for anything "shippy" ,or boat-like; even the very smells that I expected to find , sometimes made me feel as if I could not sail, but,I am pleased to say , there are no o odors in the least disagreeable , and I rather love to catch the savory aroma from the cook's dominion. Many of the disagreeable things which loomed up in my fearful mind before sailing have proved to be but flights of my imagination. Everything unsanitary is guarded against,and the ship kept clean and neat,and our deck looks as nice as Grandmother's porch floor looked Monday afternoons.

I often take my work on deck in the cool of the day ,-though it is December,we have long days , and they are growing longer,- and work upon my patch-work from the samples I brought with me; some of which I have prepared for Laura to sew,but the smaller ones I sew myself ; when they are all done.I shall have sewed nine hundred little pieces together.

During the warmest hours of the day we can do but little beside reading. I have read the Schonberg Cotta Family,and enjoyed it. Captain was also interested in it, and speaks approvingly of the work.

We have since read some account of Martin Luther and find the dates of all the important events in his life to correspond with those mentioned in the Cotta Family. The home feelings and family pictures are so beautifully illustrated in the lives of the Cotta Family from the time Elsie talked in the lumber room , to the time when the father and mother were not,and Fritz and Elsie had each

their own home.

I have been looking over my french, but the fear of bad pronunciation discourages me; but hope, however, to be able at some time to continue it under some one who can guide me. I like to hear the Portuguese talk, it is unlike anything I ever heard before, but sounds very pleasant to the ear. At Fayal, where we stopped, little children seemed to be having such a good time among themselves speaking in a language I could not understand. Laura went to call on a little boy with Miss Harper, the landlady --the boy could not speak english--but he and Laura played together, and it was quite amusing to hear them both talking at the same time and neither of them understanding what the other said, until finally the boy's aunt came to their help and acted as interpreter. It seemed to trouble Laura very much to see and meet children and not be able to talk with them. The young lady who interpreted for the children, had

a fine english piano, and she used it as if it was a part of her life.

They all looked so smiling, and would shake hands so kindly that it made one feel quite at home , though I could not understand a word they said. It was the bit of home in a foreign country that Mrs.Stowe speaks of, as being so very pleasant to the wanderer.

I think; if one like Martin Luther could rise in Fayal, he would find enough to do . It seemed as if the darkness of past ages brooded there, and that the Priests who reigned there and formed a government to suit themselves , kept the peasantry in a state of ignorance and poverty.

I suppose this is the most strangely foreign place I shall meet with.

The Sandwich Islands have Missionaries, and San Francisco is our Pacific sister, so that. if I spend the Sabbath there I shall find some places of Protestant worship. I shall always have pleasant thoughts of my visit

at Fayal ; there was so much in nature to admire, and the climate so fine that one cannot help saying , it is truly beautiful, just as God has made it.

Peco was the first land to welcome us, and was the last to fade from our gaze. We left Fayal on a Friday , and the following Sunday we could discern the summit of Peco above the clouds. This was my first sight of islands of a strictly volcanic condition, and I shall never forget the impression they have left on my mind. Captain assures me that I shall find the Sandwich Islands much the same, though less bold and prominent in the distance.

My vines are thriving under this tropical sun, and I can see that they grow from one half day to the next. The sun shining upon their bright green leaves is a very cheerful sight and seems to make everything look cool. The bird too, enjoys the fine weather as much as we do, and adds cheer to life with his sweet songs.

December 15th.

We have left Fayal far behind, together with all that interested and made the time I tarried there so pleasant.

The "Arcaci" sailed from the harbor the same day we did ; she was homeward bound, but our course was to widen the distance between us and home. I watched her as long as the light continued, and in the morning she had entirely disappeared. Saturday we passed St.Georges and Tercura, and had distant view of Graciosa, and having seen Caroo and Floris I have now seen all the Azores group.

It is a satisfaction to have seen them all and every day to recall as many of the landscape scenes as my mind can summon. I hope I may never lose the graceful outline of Pico , nor the beauties of mountain upon mountain all green and bright, which may be seen on the island of Fayal, nor the appearance of the little city with its all white buildings looking seaward and encircled by the lofty hills.

On Sunday morning after leaving Port, the summit of Pico was visible above the clouds, but before mid-day it vanished, and not till the land and peaks were lost entirely from sight that I was able to cease a lingering, and longing look in their direction, and settle down to our own surroundings and take up life in our circumscribed quarters, and pack away our shore clothes for which there would be no further use till the next port be reached, and which is now far off.

What a difference between your December and ours. Yours, mean winter-hats, warm heavy wraps and furs, ice and snow, coal fires and whistling winds. With us it is open windows, thin clothing, thermometer 85 to 90 degrees in the shade. We are sailing along at the rate of two degrees in twenty four hours, but during the first week out from Fayal we had very light breezes and did not make much speed, but the second week the trade winds blew to our benefit, and have favored us ever since.

The ship is under full sail and presents a grand sight as she gracefully glides along through the blue water ,and some days she sailed so steadily that I could imagine we were not moving did I not see the sails. The sun is over our heads at noon and shines directly down through the sky-light window upon me , and on the vines and plants which are growing very fast now that that they have their native sun and air. The leaves,and the stems— all that have grown in these warm days —are bright red,and much larger than the part near the roots ; I am fearing the change we shall find at Cape Horn may retard their growth.

This last month,with all its heat,has been far more pleasant than the former one before going into port. In a short time from now we shall be entering the regions of storms where , I have heard it said, it rains six days in each week,and cloudy the seventh.

The Sun will not be over our heads then, in fact we may not have the chance to tell where he is. Perhaps, by the time I write again, I shall have something else than pleasant breezes to write about ; and before you read this, your cold December sky may be changed into sunny May or June.

December 25th.

We are now in Latitude 38. Longitude 52., and sailing slowly watching for sperm whales, it being the season for them in this Latitude; but none have appeared in sight. This being Christmas day, I know many friends are thinking about us, and saying in their hearts, if not audibly, "Merry Christmas", even as we are saying to them. Our Christmas dinner has been from "cans" together with a chicken which came from Fayal, and reserved for this occasion. We seldom see a sail, and have had no visitors from passing ships since leaving port.

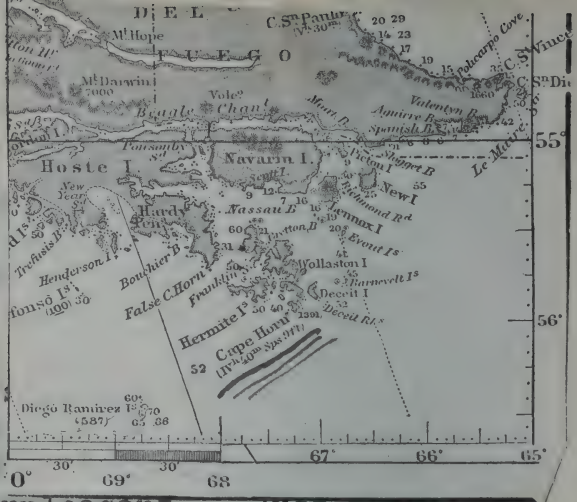
Near Falkland Islands.

January 3rd.1865.

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It is now seven o'clock P.M. and the Sun is more than an hour high, sky clear and weather very pleasant, much like our October days at home. The boats are out for a little practice and exercise of the men. Laura has gone with them, and thinks as much of going in the boats as she would of a carriage ride at home.

We shall no doubt have some storms before we arrive on the Pacific side . The Sun does not set till after 8 o'clock , and before the long twi-light entirely fades away the morning twi-light begins . The sun-sets are re-splendent with crimson and golden tints, and scarcely disappear before those of the sunrise take their place . A lowering temperature is quite perceptable, admonishing us of the need of thicker clothing as we approach Cape Horn.



best wi
I have
write o
thing unpleasant . Just at present we are passing between the Falkland Islands and the main land very near Cape Horn, and I am expecting a blow at any time, though the weather continues fine. We have, however, taken refuge in flannels, and without any fire as yet we keep very comfortable.

These bright sunny days, almost calm, do not seem to be as agreeable to others of the ship as they are to me . Such weather, so unlike anything I ever experienced at home or elsewhere , I do so much enjoy. It may be, that this is the calm before a coming storm .

We are quite well prepared for it, as we improved the time by making bags and other conveniences for securing things.

My work-basket is tied to the sewing-machine,and the nachine to the floor,and everything else made fast . If you knew my experience in the Western ground the last month you would feel as if it was no small part of necessity and comfort to have them thus secure. I have had a great many ludicrous over-turnings and up-tippings of chairs and pitchers, hair-brushes and combs and every other portable article that could change place by the motion of a rolling ship. When in a gale I slways select a place in which I may feel sure nothing will trouble me,and there feel secure and laugh to see things fly about . I laugh now when I think of such sounds as the tin-ware makes in a gale . The swing bed is a safe place , but I fear I should not laugh quite as much if it had not been for that wise invention . I rest there without feeling the motion,and enjoy myself for the time.

We tie our pitchers to the ship with as much care as we would tie a helpless child to a chair, and our tumblers and bottles have shelves with holes in them in which they keep their places under all conditions; but with all our fixing I suppose there will always be something to fly about. No whales have shown their heads above water ,and only now and then have we seen a sail in the distance. The Albatross has made its appearance,and one has been on board; I have taken particular notice of his bill; you will remember the "Goney's bill that we used to have to play with,and how people would always think it was the bones of some animal. I was anxious to have a bill until I saw the bird,and then I could not wish the bird killed for such a purpose. Their down is very nice and white; the one which we caught measured nine feet from tip to tip. Their wings are very large and strong, as are also their feet,and webbed

similar to our duck. I have seen Mr.Mills go into ecstasy when talking about birds "that flapped their wings and soared on high", but the full majesty of the expression I never fully appreciated till I saw these noble birds.

The Sun rises at three o'clock A.M. and sets about half past eight with gorgeous twi-lights.

January 29th.1865.
Latitude 38.

.....

We are anchored near I de la Mocha,a small island on the coast of Chili. There is a schooner in the harbor bound for Concepcion; they offer to take letters to be mailed from there,and I shall make use of the opportunity by sending all that I have ready.

We arrived yesterday,and as we can get new potatoes, of which we are taking on eighty barrels,

and some fresh beef, we shall remain till to-morrow.

Laura and I went ashore a little while this morning; the people seem like Indians, and live in huts without any floors or windows, and cook over a fire made on the ground inside the hut. Their bread is like our pie-crust, made very hard and baked in little round cakes in the hot ashes on the ground.

I watched them at work and saw that they were comparatively clean with their cooking , as much so as could be expected under the circumstances of so few conveniences. We ate, or at least tasted of their bread and peas served on a nice white plate with a bright spoon. There are numerous horses on the island which the men take much delight in riding. One of them took Laura with him and gave her quite a long ride, holding her on in front of him.
There are but few inhabitants on the island, and they ignorant and poor, possessing but little

or nothing, and do nothing but cultivate the ground in a crude way for the Government.

One of the women, after tying the legs of a chicken together, presented it to me, a present which I accepted merely to show my appreciation, as I didn't know what to do with it, and couldn't carry it around with me. I was soon relieved, however, by one of our sailors who took it to the boat.

The women seemed kindly interested in us, and one of them took hold of my hand which amused me at the discussion they held over it, though I could not understand a word they said; finally they kissed it in a worshipful sort of way, but the meaning of the performance was beyond my comprehension.

The island is mountainous and covered with trees, there being but little cleared land, and no fruit trees. Everything has a neglected and abandoned appearance.

I returned to the ship with a few beach shells, a sprig of peppermint and pennyroyal which, with their perfume came pleasant memories of other days. The flowers are very few and not of beautiful species. The sight of land was indeed pleasant, but we shall leave it with no special regret.

Anchored near I.de la
Mocha.
January 31st.1865.

..

We are safely around Cape Horn,for which I am thankful. From all that I had heard of that region I rather feared the passage. We passed through the Straits of La Marie,(the narrow passage between Staten Land and Terra Del Fuego,) on the sixth of January and had a fine view of these lands which are desolate looking places with only a few trees . The current is very rapid in these Straits, and we went through them with a fair wind between the hours of four and seven P.M.. I was very glad to be away from the land before night, we seemed to be so near on both sides; after this our unpleasant weather began, having rain, hail and wind all the time, and a cloudy sky for three weeks,

with only one week of pleasant weather and a head wind; if we gained little one hour we lost it the next. In one heavy blow we lost the bow boat, a pitcher, two plates and a comb. Laura and I kept the swing-bed , and remained very comfortable through it all. With an occasional Sun , the air gradually softened and we found ourselves once more in pleasant sunshine, and anticipate fine weather from now on till we arrive at the Sandwich Islands.

We are to pass the tropics again, and have the trade winds , but I shall keep busy with needle-work while occupying the Swing-bed, which is always my resort in times of rough sea.

A large Comet is now visible to us from the West, and is about as large as the one seen at home in Fifty eight. It may be known by Astronomers as being visible here at this time .

Mocha, is a very pleasant island , and might be made a fine

place for ships. It is mountainous and well wooded; the landscape is of a very dark green with a few path-like looking places of a lighter green, and a few huts, the dwelling-places of the scanty inhabitants. I went ashore yesterday and found the people very kind and hospitable in their attention, in their peculiar way ; ever ready to give you anything thay have to offer. One woman made a cigar of tobacco rolled in a corn-husk and lighted it asking me to smoke ; another gave me a chicken ; I took the hen, but declined the cigar, whereupon the woman immediately put the cigar to her own lips and seemed to enjoy it. After gathering a lot of very pretty shells , and a few sprigs of shrubbery, I returned to the ship .

We have just learned that Lincoln is President, and hope it may be true; but we have heard nothing about the war since leaving Fayal. I shall write again from Honolulu, and hope to receive letters written by you last Summer.

I.de la Mocha
February.65.

....

I have already written letters to others ,dated at this Island, and while we are quietly anchored I will not let the favorable time for writing pass without sending you one also ; altho' my letters to others are read by you , I know how much you like a letter all your own.

I have seen much,and experienced more since my last letter to you than was therein described; every place seems so different from the last .

Fayal,my first resting place is in my memory more bright and beautiful than I could have anticipated. Such rare flowers,such hills and mountains are pleasant pictures for the mind's eye . I often wonder if I shall ever be as delighted with any other place as I was with that. I shall always have a longing desire to go there again.

Last evening we had a call from the Captain of the ship "Wm.Gifford", who arrived yesterday P.M. We shall send our letters to Concepcion by him.

I wish I could describe more fully this delightful morning and how exquisitly Mocha looks in the clear bright sunshine, its shade and sheen. As said by Byron ;-

"This isle,
That, sheening far, celestial
seems to be."

The island is alive with birds ; truly a place for sportsmen. Captain is ashore now for wild ducks.

I must give you some account of the twenty five days of which I have written you nothing.

We passed through the Staits of La Marie, the narrow passage between Staten Land and Terra Del Fuego, on the sixth of January, at which time our unpleasant weather began; it blew, it rained and did everything else that bad weather can do; the sun went out

of sight and only showed itself at intervals of a few moments ; a cold sullen sun ; I did not care for his presence, as the melancholy appearance of things was made only more so by his cold light.

It is not strange that the wild sea-birds, Penquins, and the Porpoises of that region are never so happy as in a storm. They made a little variety in that gloomy place . We had several Penquins (or Albatross) on board. but we did not harm them.

The most lively picture that I ever saw was a large school of Porpoises. One cloudy day as far as eye could reach these graceful fish were leaping and jumping first in and then out of the water blowing for breath like the whale. Truly they made the "ocean to boil like a pot ! "

Laura was highly amused and went about, saying. "Do look ! here they are, there they are," and not knowing where to fix her eyes, exclaimed.

"O I am so glad I came to sea."

For more than one week head winds prevailed, and we made very little progress. It was cold and rugged, and Laura and I spent much of the time in bed. In one heavy gale an unfortunate sea struck the ship and dislodged two of our boats, one of which they succeeded in saving but lost the other. They have since fitted up one to take its place, and things looked natural again. The antics of our swing-bed were remarkable ;sometimes swinging so as to be perpendicular with the floor, but a person would not roll off but swing easily. I could sit up and knit or read , but for several days I did not feel much like venturing out upon the floor.

To-night we shall set sail , and probably be at Sandwich Islands in about two months.

South Pacific Ocean.
Lat.17.Long.95.
February 19th.18 65.

....

After we left Mocha, two days sail brought us to Juan Fernandez, and here we laid off and on for two days, and all three spent one day on shore.

Captain sent two boats for fish, and they were very successful , bringing us enough fish to last as long as we wanted to see them.

Juan Fernandez is by far the most wild and picturesque scene I ever saw . Its highest summit is about four thousand feet , and I did not see a level place on the island as large as Grandfather's farm . The coast had the appearance of mountains sliced in two, one half of which had fallen into the sea , and the other standing up a forsaken half, the abode of birds on its perpendicular side, and the home of wild goats on its sloping fertile side.

Much of the coast is rocky, and some of the mountains have a cragy appearance, while others were well wooded. The rocks are red and brown , the colors distinctly seen from the ship; and a picture of the island just in its natural colors would give every shade of green, orange and brown; such being the arrangement of rock and tree; fig-leaves large and green, much larger than those I saw at Fayal. Peaches were green and growing wild in great abundance. There were but two families on the island, but they did not call themselves the descendants of Robinson Crusoe.

I got a fine boquet of flowers and felt quite refreshed from the visit of the two islands.

It is truly wondrous to see the islands of the sea; great indeed must have been the power which upheaved them from the depths of the ocean.

We are now sailing for the Sandwich Islands with a journey

of about a month or so before us.

As our crew is not a very reliable one our stay at the next port will be governed somewhat by their conduct; though they are obedient, and well behaved at sea, the little experience had with them on shore leads Captain to fear they may be troublesome when they have liberty; which they have not had yet since we left home.

Anchored near Owhyhee.

March 26th.1865.

....

We dropped anchor the 24th. Owhyhee is the largest of the Sandwich Islands . We are at the settlement called "Teeyahyah" (To-ey-hi) on the North coast side of the island. There are several ships in the harbor.

We did not leave Mocha on the date I wrote you ; our potatoes not being ready we decided to take more . The day after I wrote my letters , Laura and myself went ashore again , and had a pleasant time ; the people,in their rude way , doing all in their power to add to our enjoyment. I had been taking a ramble over the fields with my wild Spanish friend , " "Dealectia", visiting the huts of her brothers , which were very numerous , and met Captain who solemnly informed me that four of his Portuguese of the boat's

crew who brought us ashore, had run. We always used the Portuguese for boat's crew whenever any were required, knowing that it was the intention of the others to run as soon as an opportunity presented itself; but, the Portuguises had been till that time, our most faithful sailors; they went ashore several times at Fayal showing no signs of discontent.

We suppose they were made uneasy by the crew of the "Wm. Gifford," then in the harbor with us, and as they were beyond the reach of Portuguese jurisdiction they did not care. They had never been shipped , it being against the law of the Portuguese government to ship their men as sailors, they being required in the army, consequently they are very willing to ship from the island, but often prove treacherous when beyond the reach of their own laws.

The Officials of the Government of Mocha proposed that the bark "John Howland" leave port for a few days , then return, and they would have the men ready for us .

We did so, and for three days laid on and off out of sight of shore . On returning to the island we found three of the men, but the brightest one was still missing, being probably fed by one of the Portuguesew belonging to the "Wm.Gifford," and hid in the woods. Neither of the ships gave any liberty to their men at the island , but while the Captains were ashore they had managed to have some conversation with each other , and thus laid their plans. We could not wait for the missing man,so he escaped.

Captain was intending to have their shipping papers made out at the Sandwich Islands, but as those four ran away he decided to take all of them ashore and have it done at Mocha. It could be done anywhere other than aboard of ship , papers of that kind not being effective if signed at sea ; accordingly he he took them ashore and proceeded to ship them.but they refused,saying, they wanted to see Consul.

They had their clothing furnished when they came aboard, and more clothing in their outfits than our sailors had when they left home. Having voluntarily chosen to come with us , and Captain having furnished them with outfits , shows how unprincipled and untrustworthy they are.

Captain has determined never to ask an Islander to ship again. The laws here require that papers must be made out in order to have control over the men. It was evident that if they went to the Consul and did not wish to ship he would not require them to do so, and they would at once be free, and it was also plain that Captain had a verbal right to keep them, inasmuch as they were abord the ship and had received their outfits from the ship's stores; he, therefore, decided to come to a place and give the sailors their liberty where there was no Consul; for that reason we are here.

It is indeed a very lonely place for those who may wish a good time, and on the faces of all the men there was a look of distress and disappointment when they learned the particulars from the more experienced sailors of some of the other ships, as many of them had hoped to have an interview with the Consul. A place of note enough to have a Consul has also places to obtain rum ,and like places for revelry. They have a very small chance for running away here, as the other side of the island is almost inaccessable because of the mountains . For myself I am well pleased that circumstances have brought us here, as the scenery is delightful , and the air fragrant and sweet as June. There is every facility for innocent amusement , such as horseback riding and strolling among the wild flowers. Fruit is plenty and good , and every respectable sailor should be satisfied ; but

for those who long to get drunk it is better for them that they are disappointed.

The firm of Allen & Conway are represented here ; they furnish rooms and board for all Captains and of course the family of Captains would receive particular attention . I go ashore every day before dinner and stay till seven o'clock. Everything is in good style, not omitting silver forks, napkins &c. a chinese steward whose cooking is all that could be desired.

Coffee grows on this island, and is of a very fine quality; every variety of climate at all seasons . The tops of the highest mountains are perpetually white with snow , the highest of which is thirteen thousand feet. The highest view is the white peaks, then comes the shrubbery of the cold climate, then the forests, then a great number of smaller mountains all green and bright with charming little valleys , and near to us are the

barren hills and black rocks on the coast , sprinkled with the cocoanut trees yet young. It seldom ever rains , but on the other slope of the mountains it rains every day. We can see the great showers in the distance when with us it is bright sunshine; black heavy clouds rise in the distance but do not come near us, and when the sun is right we see the rain-bow , which appears to be different from any rain-bow I have ever seen, more grand , more radiant in many colors so finely and distinctly shaded down to the most delicate and faintest tint. I have not been back into the country ; with a willing spirit but weak flesh, I fear I shall not get there. I cannot walk,my feet would not carry me beyond the rocks and barren hills, and horse-back riding makes me nervous beyond enjoyment. There are no roads,consequently no carriages , and the plantations of coffee, rice and sugar-cane are too far away to be easily visited.

The harbor is smooth, the sky clear and the temperature about warm; water good and plenty from a mountain stream. The natives are bright , and many of them intelligent looking ;the women wear one garment made like a long yoked night-dress, the young men in shirt and pants only, and the children wear,about nothing , and the old men ,- well, they are very much like old men at home , they object to a change of fashion ; but , for some reason they seem to have a very savage look ; perhaps, in their earlier days they may have had a taste of human flesh.

Our Missionaries have done much for these people , and a great change has been wrought in a short time; but they still live in grass huts , though their church is built as we would build a house, and a native preacher twice every Sunday gathers them all in it, and in time may bring them out of their , otherwise, heathenish condition.

Near the church are the remains of the place where they formerly had their savage feasts. From the ship it looks like an enclosure made of stones and rocks, and at first I thought is was a Fort .

Since leaving Mocha I have been getting all our thick clothing in order for the icy regions; having decided to go with Captain on his voyage to the Behring and Arctic sea , and just as I was feeling quite contented and hopeful , anticipating the time when I should hear from home , and have a social time in Port , Captain was suddenly taken with a very serious illness, and is not recovering as I had hoped he would.

After we leave here we are intending to spend a few days at Honolulu where Captain will place himself under the care of Dr.Ford. a physician of age and ezperience, and soon as Captain's condition warrents it we shall sail for the North , as he desires to get an early start.

We shall be rushing into Winter just as your Summer commences . It is nearly a year since I have sat by a fire, and it has been very warm since we left Mocha, with only light winds for more than three weeks, with Thermometer 87 in the shade and 120 in the Sun.

My next from Honolulu.

Honolulu.

April 21st.1865.

.....

After an uneventful voyage since my last writing , we are safely in Port, and have had a fine opportunity for seeing the Sandwich Islands. We came first to the isle of Hawaii the the settlement of Kankaii, (These are the Hawaiian names ; I have written in former letters the old names as appear on the English Chart.) This was a barren looking place , but we had an extensive view of the island from the harbor. Two mountains covered with snow, the many little valleys, and the vegetation belonging to each made an extensive picture.

We took on water, oranges and provisions, and gave the sailors liberty. We went ashore, and found very good accomodations at a Mr.Conways, the only Englishman of any note in the place .

We spent every day ashore while we were there, but but preferred our own quarters at night.

Next we came to Kulakenken where our view was less extensive, the hills and mountains being not so near, and the most lofty heights hidden by those along the coast. I visited Mr. Paris the Missionary of the American Board who has a nice house three thousand feet above the sea. It was farther distant than I supposed, and four times I lost sight of the house before reaching it, and when at last I reached the gate I was nearly exhausted and more an object of sympathy than I cared to be. His house is a large new one, and the best looking dwelling I have seen since leaving home. A little apple, orange and lemon orchard are near. also mango trees and beautiful flower-gardens where the helitrope, verbena and rose bloom all the year round. He is an American and knows how to take advantage of the climate.

This is the great orange district of the island. Coffee and sugar-cane also grow successfully.

The natives are not a desirable class of people, being much more heathenish than I supposed, from missionary accounts I have had of them. I was ashore but little at Kalakenken, but the natives came on board the ship till I wearied of their presence.

We took on more oranges, cocoanuts, bananas, honey and vegetables, including very fine sweet potatoes. From that place we came here. The ship is not anchored but at sea under the mate, which enables Captain to be quite free, as a ship in Port is a great care.

I am disappointed in the appearance of Honolulu . The buildings are not large, and small cottages prevail with many tents scattered here and there where most convenient, reminding me of a camp-meeting. Four rooms is considered a large house, then there is one little building

for a cook house, another for a dining-room, all separate and, sometimes, quite a distance apart. They have a nice appearance and much taste is displayed in the yards where flowers and trees grow luxuriently. The verandas, as part of the house, and the halls, are furnished like the parlors. We have a very satisfactory boarding house in which I have found much enjoyment. The beds have lace bars which make them look nice and cool even on a warm day, and everything is light and feathery. Our landlady is a widow , a little bit too fond of small pieces and things delicate, but a very good woman apparently. Chinese cooks prevail throughout the island, and at first I concluded I should like a Chinaman for a cook, but have since decided that they would not be much better than a "Bridget."

I cannot describe how I feel about going North the first season, but am inclined to think it best for me to go, as my health

is very good and I feel better afloat than in this warm climate.

Laura feels the privations of life at sea more than I, there being but little of interest to her now that the novelty has passed away.

We hear that Richmond is taken and hope it may be true. Some of the American citizens illuminated and sent up rockets, but the prevailing sentiment is English , and the sympathy goes with them.

April 23rd.1865.

Uncertainty seems to hang over our movements. We may set sail to-morrow, and we may not.

I have enjoyed myself here as well as could be expected under all the circumstances ; have found very pleasant friends a number of which have called, but I have been out very little excepting as we would have invitations .

We left our first landing place on these islands, where we left the casks for water, and gave the sailors liberty, and after a days sail anchored again on the shores of the same island — the settlement of Kenlakekuer. From this place we took our fruits, oranges, bananas, sweet potatoes, and other supplies . This being a nice smooth place, we remained about one week. I did not find this place as pleasant to stop on shore as at the former, the principal man instead of asking us to dine with him, often came to dine with us. This is the

place where Captain Cook was killed, and the cocoanut tree covered with copper, marks the spot near where the tragedy was committed. There are some remarkable caves and rocks on the coast, some of which we visited by going in our small whale-boats. It was one of the principal enjoyments at this port to have a boat and crew at my command, and seemed equal to living in the country and having a horse, carriage and driver. I am having the city part of life now in hot Honolulu, wearing silks, and all the fine things that I have with me .

We made the small fruit Ports more as a precautionary measure to prevent desertion by the sailors. They became somewhat downcast when they saw the places and learned that there was no American Consul to be seen. We have not lost a man yet, but one Portuguises, called "Simple" by the sailors, ran away on the first day of liberty, but was

caught in the mountains the next morning about eight o'clock and brought to the ship at a cost of twelve dollars ; it is supposed that he not being very bright was sent by the others to see how the thing would work, and coming back so soon, no one else dared to try the same scheme.

After we came to Kenlakekuer our steward attempted to run off, and took this way to do it. He learned that Captain had gone ashore to look after the wood, so he immediately dressed himself and in a very polite way went on deck and told the Mate that the Captain had granted him permission to go ashore on an errand; the Mate hesitated, but finally consented. He took a canoe with a native and went off. After Captain returned, the trickery was discovered, but the steward was off among the natives, and to avoid suspicion told one that Captain Whelden wanted a cow; the native, only too glad to sell his cow drove her a distance of two miles, and coming to the ship

in a canoe informed us that our cow was ready; of course the eyes of the native were soon opened to the fact that he had been deceived, and had been treating with a deserter from the John Howland.

With the assistance of some other natives he went at once in pursuit, and between nine and ten o'clock P.M. the steward was returned to the ship, at another cost of twelve dollars.

The Queen of the Sandwich Islands is going to England ; Victoria having sent a man-of-war for her, and it is now in Port. Some of the Englishmen from the man-of-war have been very rude, and inclined to play upon the American citizens. Several little outrages, such as the taking down of signs and other like trifles, of which no notice was taken until one morning it was observed that the eagle had disappeared from the gate of the American Commissioner, and search being made, it was found on board of the English ship.

For a time the feeling was strong between the English and American citizens until, finally, the English Captain ordered the criminals to return the eagle, and sent his own ship-carpenter to fasten it in place. The Hawaiian Government claim it cannot be called a national insult, but rather an unfortunate affair. In the midst of all this excitement came the news of victories and fall of Richmond. The Stars and Stripes waved over the door of every American citizen, and the national airs were sung in many places.

Honolulu.

April 28th.1865.

..

Only a line this morning to say that Captain has been under the Doctor's care most of the time since our arrival here ; some days feeling much better and greatly encouraged, other days badly, and equally discouraged, and I very much fear our cruising, for the present. may come to a sudden ending , as I can see he is gradually growing weaker, and less and less able to attend to business, and I have grave fears as to what the outcome may be.

29th.

Since writing the above , his condition has changed for the worse , and Doctor says no one must see him to talk "ship", and further advises he proceed no farther on the voyage . but

return home for treatment and recuperation. We have decided to take Doctor's advice, and shall engage steamer passage for home via the Isthmus soon as conditions permit .

Note.-

Owing to the sudden change of plans made necessary by the illness and departure of Captain Whelden to his home in Massachusetts, the Bark "John Howland," was placed in command of Captain Frazier who cruised for one season in the Southern waters of the Pacific until the return of its former Captain from Boston , who having recovered from his illness. proceeded to San Francisco to resume the command of his ship, leaving Mrs. Whelden and daughter at home, but to follow him at a later period.

He cruised in the Northern and Southern waters during part of 1866 and 1867.

In September 1867. Mrs.Whelden and her daughter took steamer from New York for Panama, crossed the Isthmus, and then by steamer to San Francisco to join her husband, and take up sea life again. The varied scenes and

incidents of their journey, and subsequent voyages at sea are described in the series of letters written by Mrs.Whelden to her parents and intimate friends.

In sifting extracts from her letters, much of a personal naature has been eliminated, but not as much perhaps as would seem necessary before sending the epistles into the world. The many little uneliminated sentences touching upon family life, with all its hopes, fears and anxieties, may be excused when it is remembered that a new existence of life upon the sea would naturally cause an exuberant expression of them, and that, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

L.W.T.

[TGA]

[illegible]

Part 2.

Journey from New York by Steamer to the Isthmus of Panama, across the Isthmus by rail and by Steamer to San Francisco.

Life in San Francisco, and at various island ports, including Hawaiia and Japan, and three summers in the Arctic Ocean.

Steamer Arizona.

Sept.5th.1867.

....

Once more upon the high sea ; and it forcibly reminds me of the day, three years ago, when we sailed out of Buzzard's Bay into these same waters ; leaving behind home and kindred as the receding shore faded from view. A feeling akin to that which came over me then, as the distance widened between us and home, possesses me to-day.

While I look ahead with hope, pleasure and bright anticipation, yet it seems, too, like looking into the unknown. There is so much to look back upon with joy and thankfulness, I am trying hard to look ahead with trust and hope that the future too, may have many joys in store . The fleeting months that have passed since I happily ventured forth upon my

first voyage , have brought their many changes, their joys and their sorrows. That voyage, started with joy and expectancy, and ending so soon and suddenly, bringing its train of doubts and fears, turning expectancy into anxiety, has helped to breed forebodings in my mind as I venture forth again. In commencing my letter to-day it seemed like up the pen and the duties which I so suddenly laid down twenty eight months ago. Though I am traveling to-day under different conditions than I did then, yet I expect ere long to be again occupying the cosy cabin of the "John Howland," and witnessing scenes new and strange, and living over again that quiet, yet dangerous life. To-day I have about me the noise of many passengers, about eight hundred. and three hundred soldiers and their officers, several Priests and Sisters of Charity, young men, maidens

and old maids, wives in search of their husbands, some under pleasant and others under unpleasant circumstances.

The heat is intense. We shall probably arrive at the Isthmus Sunday morning, and are expected to cross without delay.

When I spoke to the first officer for seats at the table , he seated us near himself and we were bountifully supplied with ice, tenderloin steak, and all the dainties found upon officers table, but I am beginning to fear we shall miss our luxuries when we are aboard of the steamer on the other side. We have just passed the island of Cuba and had a fine view of it.

Saturday P.M.

Trunks packed, shawls rolled up, chairs marked , and after one night's sleep we shall be at Aspinwall. We shall not stop for Sunday .- How different this Sunday will seem from the last one at home . This Steamer seems quite like a little city . I have been through the steerage this P.M. and seen how the many passengers live. I have also been shown all through the boat except the pantry, and shall be shown through that this evening. I am pleased with the attention I have received on this side and feel a reluctance to leave. The gong has sounded and we are to have our last dinner which will continue from five to half past six.

My next from Acapulco.

Steamer Sacramento.

September 14th.1867.

....

We have reached Acapulco; the gun has sounded and the steamer is at rest. The picturesque scenery is sublime, and the novelty of the natives in their little boats trafficing with the passengers who are anxious to buy oranges, limes, bananas and other tropical fruits, is quite amusing. I have just bought some very fine oranges, and Laura and I are having a feast. Several boat loads of passengers have gone ashore, but more remain on board. We crossed the Isthmus on Sunday. Everything passed off quietly and orderly, much more so than when we were there before. The day was fine, reminding me of one of our hay days at home. The Isthmus was beautifully green, and vegetation had reached the height of its growth . It seemed like

Sunday on the great green hills and the motionless trees, and the little sparkling streamlets meandering through them . I did not think when I went over it before what a great green waste it was, how it was to bud and blossom with no one to cultivate or reap. There were two or three stopping places of some little note at which sufficient time was given to leave the train and walk around and witness more fully the beauties of nature under a hot tropical Sun. The exuberant rays reflected and multiplied themselves from every leaf and blade; the hum of insects filled the air, the gorgeous butterflies dozed upon the thistle-bloom till they almost fell from the petals. The air was full of warm fragrance from the wild-fruit-clusters ; the grass burning hot beneath the feet in sunshine, and cool as water in the shade. There was something so gentle and unintrusive in moving along beneath overhanging branches and along the trailing edges of clematis

thickets. The woods were hazy, as if the warm sunbeams had melted in among the interstices of the foliage and spread a soft film throught the whole . The sky seemed to reflect the water of the streams and the water the sky; both roseate with color, both darkened with clouds. I was clad thinly and burned my neck so that it felt at night as if I had spent the day in a berry-patch.

When I first came on board the steamer I recognized Captain Coverly and introduced myself; he remembered Captain, Laura and myself when we were on our homeward trip ywenty eight months ago. He has given us all due attention and extended to us various little favors. All things considered, we have been highly favored, and are now looking forward to our arrival at San Francisco and meeting Captain , who is doubtless there waiting for us.

San Francisco.

October 23rd.1867.

....

On our arrival here we were somewhat disappointed at not finding Captain on hand to greet us, but afterall it is not to be wondered atas there is no controlling the wind and waves to suit the wishes of a sailing bark.

We are making good use of the time while waiting, and enjoy ourselves sight-seeing and shoping, and calling upon friends, for which the weather is decidedly favorable . To-day is the loveliest day of fullest autumn; A palm under the window whispers to me in a charm of all its leaves, and when I look out every leaf turns a sunbeam at me. Before me a charming lawn of velvety green, with trees of first dignity . It is lovely nature, and the spot has snatched a grace from art.

Nature has seemed to have provided for man's particular benefit. In this favored region are to be found almost continual bud and bloom. The luxurient growth of tree and shrub, and exuberant beauty of groves of palms have been a favorite theme of travelers. Every person who sees Nature with the eye of a painter and the feelings of a poet, amidst all the dry details of science, regard them as the most beautiful of vegetable production. Of course, I see nothing here equal to the rank growth seen upon the Isthmus. It has always seemed to me, however, that travelers in general have been led to exagerate the charms of Nature in the tropics by observing the remarkable beauty of a few individual objects ; they are enraptured with the novelty of everything about them, by the voluptuousness of the climate and the abundance of delicious fruits, and always afterwards recur to the scenes of

their tropical visit with excited imagination.

In countries near the Equator, many plants which are herbs in our latitude assume arborescent forms. Such are the tree-grasses, which form impenetrable forests, equaling some of the Fir-woods of the North in extent, if not in beauty and grandeur . At home we know the Ferns only as a low herbaceous tribe of plants, consisting of mere fronds rising out of the ground. We admire them for their beautifully compounded leaves, and their colors of red, orange, and russet that varigate our meadows in June, their garlands of verdure upon the rocky hills in winter, and the profusion of their frondage in the shady glens in Summer . But in certain parts of the equatorial zone the Ferns put off the humble guise in which they appear at the North. They no longer associate with the lowly violet, allowing themselves to

be crowded by the Hellebore and overtopped by the Meadow-rue ; but they rear their branches aloft, and assume the dignity and stature of trees. We look down upon these at home, and trample them under foot, but in that region look far above our heads and behold their magnificent fronds spread out like a great tent between us and the heavens.

Tree-ferns, though confined principally to the equatorial zone, are unable to endure the heat of the plains . They occupy an elevation that affords them the continual temperature of spring, three thousand feet above the sea,-the region of the lowest stratum of clouds,-where they receive the benefit of their moisture before it descends to the earth in showers. They are ranked with the noblest forms of tropical vegetation,-less lofty than the palms, but surpassing them in beauty of foliage.

November 3rd.1867.

Eleven weeks since I left home. Captain is not here, and I am still waiting, still anticipating, exercising patience , and looking forward with hope for his safe arrival soon. In the meantime I receive my letters from home and write in return .

California is a wonderful country, full of possibilities and destined to become the fruit-growing region of the United States, so far as semi-tropical conditions can make it. The flora and shrubbery, unceasing in bloom and verdure, never rest but perpetually putting forth bud and bloom . Here Nature hath fewer moods, and more gentle in them, and more liberal in her gifts than in the changeful regions of frost and snow . Here she wears a smile through all seasons. How perfect is the delicacy with which the woods and fields are kept throughout

the year : all these millions of living creatures born every season, and born to die, yet where are the dead bodies ? We never see them. Buried beneath the earth by tiny mighty sextons, sunk beneath the waters, dissolved into the air, or distilled again and again as food for other organizations. All have had their swift resurrection. Their existence blooms again in those violet-petals, and glitters in the burnished beauty of these golden beetles. It is only out of doors that even death and decay become beautiful . The model farm. the most luxurious house, have their regions of unsightliness, but the fine chemistry of Nature is constantly clearing away all impurities before our eyes, and yet so delicately that we never suspect the process. How little can any person portray Nature : absolutely nothing in Nature has ever yet been described,- not a bird nor a berry of the woods , nor a drop of water, nor Summer, nor Winter, nor Sun nor Star.

November 27th.1867.

....

I was glad indeed to receive your last letter , as I had been for a week or two without one word from home, till at last several came at once, and I felt as if I had had a family gathering. To get several letters at one time seems more like being with you .

I cannot tell you how rejoiced we were when Captain at last came in upon us and thus gave relief from all anxiety and fear.

The weather was very mild and pleasant here on Thanksgiving-day . We accepted the invitation of a friend to visit the country. Visitation Valley was the name of the place, about two miles from San Francisco . Everything there had the appearance of early spring, vegetables in their early life, looking as if a week or two would bring them into condition for market. They were

plowing the wheat land in some places and sowing the grain in others.

San Francisco suits me better than the country, and I have been contented here from my first arrival. Captain says he wrote for me to come early so that I might have the opportunity for enjoying the fine weather , the fruits and flowers. He seems delighted that I like so well, and I think he would be more contented here than anywhere else.

The bark reached port on the 14th. I had six hours waiting for Captain after I had heard of his arrival. The tide was too low to bring the ship in , causing his delay. He came to the house about eleven P.M. Laura had grown weary with waiting and was sleeping quietly when he came . As he had been away a year, I knew the present style of dressing the hair would astonish him, so I thought I would prepare him for any raid of style

that I might be tempted to put on. Accordingly, I tied my hair to the highest point, made the braid and put on the red dress which he had never seen . My appearance was decidedly changed from what it was when we parted. He laughed at the hair, but after seeing other women, acknowledged he had nothing to say. He thought the hats we now wear are more protection than the bonnets, and quite as becoming. His health is good, and he has been gaining in weight since his arrival.

The whales which he caught during the past season were very small, and the number of barrels smaller than should have been for the number of whales. Six hundred and fifty barrels are the result of the year's work. The voyage may close after another season North ; after which I hope we shall be home again. I have not been aboard our ship yet, and think I shall not go till I go to stay.

We expect to be on the coast of California this Winter, and shall probably be at the Sandwich Islands in March. I am looking forward to a pleasant Winter down the coast, where we shall be in sight of land most of the time, and the weather will be warm. It is now doubtless cold and stormy with you . I want to remember how everything looked after the big snow storms , and thus have a winter picture that will not fade by a life in the tropics. It will be a long time before I shall hear from you . Address all letters to Honolulu.

I wish it were so I could send you some of the fine fruits we are now enjoying . Strawberries are in the market.

My next will be written while afloat and mailed from some Southern Port.

At Balena Bay.

January 21st.1868.

....

We left San Francisco Monday P.M. December 16th. The day was fine, and it was with some reluctance I left the shore to take up my abode aboard ship. The land looked so pleasant and the houses of the people so secure and firm ; I could scarcely refrain from tears when I thought of the rolling ship. The Steamtug "Rescue" took us out of the harbor through the Golden Gate. We soon lost sight of the city. Darkness, wind and rain came, and the scene was indeed changed from the bright afternoon. The storm continued for more than a week , during which time I was very sea-sick if I attempted to move from the bed, but comfortable when I kept still.
After two weeks we anchored

about twenty five miles North of this place where the weather was fine . Here I could have regained my lost strength but for trouble with my eyes ; I could not endure the light and did not look towards the land once during the week we remained there. When we first came here we mated with the "General Scott." Captain Washburn had a pair of green goggles which he gave me, and from which I have found much relief. Captain locked up my work and would not let me read even efter my eyes were better. If he were here this afternoon I presume he would not approve of this writing .

We have three whales, between the two ships, making each ninety five barrels. Shall probably leave here in a few days, sail down the coast, stop at Cape Saint Lucas to mail our letters and spend a week or two at Clarion Island before we start for Honolulu.

February 14th.1868.

We did not find our way to Clarion Island as I supposed we should when I last wrote . On our way we found whales , and as coast whaling is so uncertain Captain has taken all he could get. Our time is out now and we shall make our way to the Sandwich Islands as soon as we leave Cape Saint Lucas, reaching there about the tenth of March , and by the first of April be on our way North .

We have about three hundred barrels of oil which have kept our men quite busy . "Hunchback whales" are numerous around Clarion Island , and we shall take all we can find on the way. We very unexpectedly took one whale this morning ; he will not be boiled till we leave the Cape, and is now nicely stowed between decks in the form of blubber. I have enjoyed the season quite as well as I -

anticipated. The weather has been fine the latter part of the time, and is growing so warm it seems like July. I have busied myself knitting, trying to get a shawl finished and out of the way, and commence on a tidy. When we reach Honolulu I do not intend to do anything but visit and enjoy the land. My health is now so good I am ready and willing to go North, and have a desire to see that part of the world where, for a few weeks, there is no night.

My little cabin looks quite green with my vines and carnations which, in this warm climate, are doing well. At Balena Bay I had an addition to my collection; Captain brought me a vine which resembles the ice plant. He fancied it because it has the appearance of being covered with dew-drops. He brought it to the ship with some of its native soil, and it is having a rapid growth.

Karakakoor Bay.

March 9th.1868.

....

Once more anchored, and I am resting in repose and quiet. I cannot describe to you the luxury of being still, after rolling about , for even a short period of time.

Our passage from the coast was by strong breezes, and we came very quickly after we first took the breeze till we came in sight of our desired port when all wind died away, and we remained almost at rest for three days.

During the time, Laura penciled a little note to you saying, "it was very hard to be so near shore and not be able to get there." She was not the only one who thought so , for all were inclined to be rebelious. For myself, I did not care, but rather enjoyed two or three calm days to finish

up some little work without feeling as if my feet belonged to some one else, and while I had the privilege of moving about securely on a firm foundation .

We have not escaped slight coldswhich the strong draughts through the ship are so well calculated to produce in spite of our greatest precaution.

I went ashore at Cape Saint Lucas and had the privilege of seeing a Spanish Cattle Ranche, and a California Vineyard of unripe fruit . The only person there to whom I could converse, or understand a syllable from, was a young man in the employ of Wells,Fargo & Co. just from Mexico waiting for a steamer.

The Cape is a rocky place , and the people do not seem to have much idea of life beyond their own crude way of living. The yard in front of the house was full of dried hides, and the noise of all kinds of kine , and four footed domestic beasts

was incessant . We bought some wood and some cheese,-soft sour-milk cheese , which Captain is so fond of. The beach is a fine one, and the surf strong and mighty. Just as you enter the harbor there are several island-rocks raised to great height above the water and almost white ; having been washed so many years by the dashing waves they are very smooth, and as they were thrown up in all sorts of fantastic shapes looked like all the specimens of carving that one could imagine. Artists looking for some new designs might find them in these peculiar shaped rocks. The whole line of the coast is mountainous, and generally very barren.

We came to anchor in this Bay yesterday March 8th. and shall take on oranges and other fruits, also wood, but can get no potatoes nor water. I shall leave the ship this P.M.and will tomorrow give some account of my life

on the hill one mile from Mrs. Paris where I can be accomodated for a few days.

As intended, I landed on shore on the very spot where, one hundred years ago, Captain Cook met his fate. A sort of stupid looking horse with a side-saddle on his back was brought forward to take me up the hill, the same hill which I had climbed on foot about four years ago. I did not feel very much pleased with riding but it was the only way to go, the road being no more than a mountain trail, and I had no wish ever again to try to walk , so I tried to be brave and not let any one know how distressed I really was. One of the men took Laura behind him on his horse and Captain had a horse to himself. All I could say was, "don't go fast." After a few steps of the horse , and with all the jolting, I still remained on his back though imagined myself surely falling, but taking fresh courage

I gained confidence as I went along and enjoyed the fine scenery in spite of my fears. Such a wild untamed place, even the cultivated land looked wild. The natives seem to enjoy their primitive privileges of little clothing, and little to do. In every sense of the word they are lazy, and notwithstanding all the reports of monthly concerts and missionary meetings , one seeing them in their native land cannot help having an opinion of his own. The reformed Catholic Mission have a fine little church and parsonage near Mr.Paris, and the Mission is in a flourishing condition . The Priest preaches in english , and as there are a number of white people in the vicinity , all rejoice at his coming. Mr.Paris has always refused to preach in english, and the english residents and transient people have never had any place to worship.

The young Missionary has opened a school and works faithfully among the people ; Mr.Paris has been obliged to do the same thing.

We board with a Mr.Todd, an Englishman, and have a nice large room with verandah on each side ; clean bed with lace curtains, naked floors, high back chairs, a table and washstand of Todd's own make ; a little clumsy, but quite suitable for the place they are used in .

We are about one mile from Mr.Paris. You have often heard me mention the beauty of his home . It is equally pleasant here , though the Todds have not taken the care to beautify their place that Mr.Paris has.
Mr Wall, from whom Captain buys sheep, invited us to his home up the mountains about eighteen miles from here . No means of getting there except by horse-back . At first I thought it would be too far to venture , but after thinking more about it, and of the fine scenery along the way, and Captain being willing to come after me, I concluded to go with Mr.Wall and his wife;

and remain till Captain came for me. Mr.Wall, a native of New York, drifted out this way and married a native woman, and though he has taught her to cook and do much to make his home pleasant and like unto our homes , still, she never sits at the table , but prefers to eat her fish and "poi" on the floor with her fingers, but in all other matters she seemed quite like a woman . I could not converse with her or understand a syllable, but she was so kind, doing everything for me and showing me everything that she thought would interest me, that I enjoyed being with her. In riding her horse she was quite agile, and needed no one to help her on or off, and rode in a way decidedly terrifying. When Laura saw anything along the road she desired to have, such as berries or tomatoes, Mrs.Wall would jump from her horse and get them for her, and on again like a man.

Their house was a frame without any plastering, but was built and furnished as nearly right as a man would who had lived in a grass house for several years, and whose wife had no desire for the fine things the world affords. They are not much used to company, though always provide everything nice for the stranger that might come . I was amused to see her make ready the room for us to sleep in. She took two nicely ironed sheets and smoothing them over with her hands went into the room and made the bed , trying to do it in modern style . She had some folds and turns in the laying of the clothing that were new to me. The bed was all right, clean and white,and all linen. After sitting for a while thinking what to do next , she started for a glass and jug of water, and procured from a drawer a nicely folded towel, and seemed so anxious to have everything just right.

The house is very comfortable, but one could not help wondering how he could get lumber over such a rough road-less mountain . He has three thousand sheep , of which I only saw one flock of a thousand, the others were ranging over the mountains. We enjoyed our return ride down the mountains, finding it much easier than going up, and were about six hours on the trail. I was glad many times to close my eyes and let the horse take his own way ; the places looked so dangerous over which he trod. Laura remarked, "this is the first time this family ever rode out in this way."

On our return we found company at our boarding house from San Francisco who arrived in the Steamer during our absence.

My next from Honolulu.

Honolulu.
Sandwich Islands.
March 29th.1868

....

We arrived here last Thursday and shall remain only four days more which will be but a short time for me to see all my friends, and write all the letters I desire in reply to the many found here waiting for me . It will be nearly a year that I shall go without a word from home, though I may be able occasionly to send letters homeward.

I find Honolulu equally as pleasant as I did when previously here, and Mrs.Bartletts home, where we were stopping, is very beautiful ; her children are rejoiced over a new piano which they have just received into the house. Our room has a door opening out on a veranda facing eastward , which gives us a fine view of the mountains, which are quite

near and cast shadows in the early part of the day. A large yard in front of the house yields roses and numerous choice flowers ; also large trees, the tamarind and mango being the largest. A beautiful fountain in the center of the yard with gold-fish swiming in the pool at its base. This is one of the finest places in the city and was originally built by a wealthy gentleman for himself . I was glad to have the privilege of attending church thia A.M. but as I look into the future it seems a long time before I can expect to again.

I regret exceedingly that our time is so short, and so much taken up with other matters that I am unable to write all I could wish. Suffice it to say, we are all well, having a good time, enjoying every moment and trying to be reconciled to the reality of leaving it all behind to remain only as a memory as we exchange this fragrant balm-laden air for the salty sea with all

its wind and storms and monotony of cabin and deck with no scenery but the broad expanse of rolling ocean spread out before us on every side with the prospect of drawing nearer and nearer each day to the frozen waters of the far North.

It will be with a feeling of sadness that I shall stand upon the deck and watch this flowery shore fade from view, and apparently sink behind the waves. It is at such times when breaking away from scenes fraught with beauty, pleasure and happiness, and entering into those so entirely their opposite that my mind becomes thronged with hopes and fears, incidents pleasant and unpleasant that lie between me and the time when I again may look upon and enjoy these island ports, luxuriate among the palms, and feast upon the luscious tropical fruits, and breathe the aromatic air. I know your thoughts and best wishes will follow us through the long and perilous passage ahead of us, and into which I

am to enter with mingled feelings of dread and pleasure. It is well that my dread is tempered by the spirit of adventure and consciousness of duty combined with a determined will to brave it all.

I am loth to lay aside my pen, so enraptured am I with the beauty of these islands ; I long to remain and see and enjoy more and more a life which appeals so strongly to my desires and admiration . The more I attempt to picture the scenes and loveliness of —shall I say fairy-land ?— the fragrance of its air and blue of its sky, the more incapable I feel ; but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one day in the tropics ? I could not write a page of description which would for one moment compare, for simplicity and grace of its structure, with the green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blooming clematis.

All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of life on these islands of beauty.

It is here I feel that our American life still needs, beyond all else, the more habitual cultivation of out-door life and habits. Nature helps everything to its legitimate development ; her wonderful calmness, refreshing the whole soul, must aid both conscience and intellect to the end, but sometimes lulls both temporarily, when immediate issues are pending . The man of action must tear himself away, when the time comes, since the work will not be done for him.

Soon we shall say good-bye to this flowery bank, this ripple-marked shore ; looking no longer upon the white-caps of blooming vines, but with moistened eyes turn our gaze to the ever changing white-caps of the restless sea.

Can you wonder that I am loth to leave these enchanting islands looking so lovely in the soft lustre of sunset ; or that I long for more days of calm repose;; more hours for strolling the fragrant shore , and basking in the soft sunlight, and still linger amid the heavy-blossomed bowers and the heavy fruited trees, the summer isles of Eden in their purple spheres of sea.

You cannot imagine how pleasant and interesting has been my stay, nor how much I could have agreeably prolonged it.

I must not dwell upon the cherished beauty of scenery nor the pleasures and happiness afforded by a kind people which has swelled my heart with loving gratefulness ; but look ahead where duty calls, and carry with me a sweet memory of the past to brighten the pathway of the future , be it on a tossing ship on turbulent waters, or resting quietly and motionless on a calm sea, or locked in the embrace of arctic ice.

The memories that cluster around me of all the joyous pastimes of the past weeks will follow me in every movement ; brighten every thought ; lighten every burden, and cheer me on through the long journyings before me. I shall remember the days so fraught with restfulness, peace and supreme happiness, which has filled me with strength of body and heart to enter again the little world of our own ; the cabin, the deck and circled expanse of rolling sea.

Near Cape Thadeus.

May 15th.1868.

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It seems a long time since I laid down my pen and allowed the ink to dry in the inkstand. I have, in a measure, been living in the past. My short visit in Honolulu is very pleasant to look back upon, and I could have very agreeably enjoyed a season there.

We left the Islands a week after our arrival, and was soon beyond pleasing island-scenes, among the waves with dark thick clouds hanging over us. Ship experience is always much the same, there being nothing particularly pleasant about being weaned from the land to love the sea.

"Shore clothes" are all out of sight. Ship cooking, sea-sickness, rolling and tumbling about does its work in process of time and one grows calm, then contented, and finally happy.

Within the past five or six weeks I have experienced all these, and know full well they must all be endured every time I leave port; if I finally become contented what difference does it make if I do have a few uncomfortable days. Life is not perfectly smooth and easy anywhere.

Our passage was not very unpleasant, having had some rough seas but no heavy gales. We passed the Fox Islands, (The U.S. new possessions ,) about the 23rd. of April. The day was fine , clear and cold. We passed very near the islands, the mountains were covered with snow, as also the land round about them . On our right and left were smoking, steaming volcanoes, the fires of which could be distinctly seen even at a distance of sixty or seventy miles. I shall never forget that one clear pleasant Sabbath-day when we passed these islands all lifting their peaks upwards like great hands pointing to the heavens, so coldly

grand with the untrodden snow upon them, where neither man, beast nor verdure of any kind was to be seen, only the pure white snow. I did not feel that day as if I needed any "Temple made with hands," or any orator to speak of the wonderful works of the Creator, nor of His goodness to man. The silent grandeur of His own works was enough. Through them I could "magnify His great and Holy name." Truly, "His works do praise Him." In the grandeur and beauty of that one day I felt repaid for all I had endured during our momentous passage.

Captain had often said that we should have smoother weather when we got North of the Fox Islands, so I expected the week following to be as the Sabbath had been, but was disappointed ; Monday opened with a very stirring gale, and I was back again on the swing-bed with my crocheting . I found it impossible to get about so contented myself with needle and spool. Friday

following encountered small pieces of floating ice, and Saturday we found ourselves as far North as any of the ships, many of which had been there for a month and had experienced heavy gales ; two whales only had been taken.

Captain Barnes, of the "Eugenia" came on board as soon as we arrived ; his ship had been injured by the ice . Captain Robinson of the "Active," has dined with us, and also Captain Mc. Kensie. There are said to be nine ladies in the fleet. We are now in heavy field-ice where we have taken one whale. The field-ice closes about us at times so that the water is scarcely visible . I can almost imagine myself on land with all sorts of odd shaped snowbanks about us. Laura sees everything in them from a table to an old woman with a hood on . The ship lays perfectly still, and I truly enjoy the repose as well as the novelty of the scene around me;

the disagreeableness of the passage being all over, and I can work as nicely as at home.

June 6th. 1868

we have enjoyed three weeks of fine weather , but ice-bound. I have been busy with a piece of worsted work . Laura seems contented and happy. While some feel sympathy for her because of her forlorn life at sea, she says she pities children at home who cannot see the sights she does ; she is somewhat like the natives who think their country the best in the world. I am, in a measure, contented, a contentment, perhaps, more apparent than real. I find my will ~~is~~ to be here, and my determination to be happy are great helps to me, and there is really much to enjoy. For more than two weeks we were alone in the ice, and too far from any ship to speak them. We succeeded in making our way to open water about one week since, and arrived in sight of Cape Behring on Siberia. In a

day or two several ships came in sight and we had plenty of company. Captain Mc.Kenzie has been on board two days, and Captain Robinson one day. We are well acquainted and glad to have them near so much of the time. Captain Robinson has had his wife with him, but she was obliged to stop at the islands and he complains of being very lonely . Yesterday the ice closed about us again and we are truly packed in ; you can imagine how tightly when I tell you that Laura has gone on board the ship "Reindeer", on foot over the ice. Only day before yesterday there were but a few cakes of ice in sight; think how suddenly has been the change, we having had no wind nor storm to produce this change ; the causes have been silent and unseen. There has been just a gentle swell all over the waters and the ice draws nearer and nearer till all is ice as far as we can see, and we cannot tell from which way it comes, but think from off the shore.

The "Reindeer," Massachusetts," and "Gay Head," are very near us, all fast in the ice. Ladies are on board of all these ships . The "Active," and "Eagle," are also near. Captain has taken his departure on foot , intending to call on all the ladies and return by way of the "Reindeer." I am alone to-day, but busy. Surrounded as we are by ice you will not need be told that it is cold, though on deck, and in the sun it is warmer than our winters at home. We have a little tea-kettle that supplies us with hot water, and I have my tea made in a small tea-pot all by itself. The kettle sings merrily at times, and the tea-pot sends forth its fragrant odor after the fashion of well regulated tea-pots.

I was never more comfortable in my life though I can think of much that I would enjoy at home that I do not have here.

The steward seems to enjoy the little stove that Captain provided for us and allows him

to cook his dried peaches and apples on it and occasionly tries the oven ; the cakes and cookies come out very well done . He has just succeeded in making steamed brown-bread just right, and it proves acceptable for a change. We have to do without much that is fresh at sea so that it took some time to get the mixture just right, and then to get it well cooked was quite an effort, but he has accomplished the task , and we now have brown-bread equal to Boston. I have often wished for your recipe for making "Mrs. Thayer's pudding," that we might have one occasionly at sea. My appetite is good and I have had great fears of eating too much for the small amount of exercise I get or can get. My work is comparatively nothing, in the way of exercise, as the boy takes care of the rooms washing them once each week and sweeping and dusting every day, so I find myself without as much exercise as I

should have, and Captain is so fearful that I might suffer from the want of it that he often calls me on deck for the most trifling sights. Laura has had a sled made with which she enjoys excursions on the ice near the ship; this may seem to you like a dangerous proceeding, but, could you see the condition of things , you would realize how entirely safe it is . We are near the Siberian coast . Last week three or four canoes of natives came to the ship, and Laura was all alive to be on deck where they were making such a terrible noise that we had no quiet below, so I, too, ventured up to see them. They remained all day . Captain bought a few walrus teeth and a few pounds of bone . Of all the human beings I have ever seen they are the least agreeable, though I did not expect to find them much different than they are. I had read Dr.Kane's account of them and should not think the

Siberian Esqumaux were any improvement upon those found on the American side. They have great red fat faces, little round eyes in great round heads, and are not at all remarkable for cleanliness. They dress in just such garments as we often see in pictures of them . The men shave a place smooth on top of their heads about the size of a tea-plate , and are always bareheaded , which seems a singular idea, in this cold climate. They take their hair off from the very place where our men take the greatest care to keep it . They have the most distant idea of propriety and civility. They no sooner caught a glimpse of me than they surrounded me . Captain was not within call and none of the men seemed disposed to come to my relief . It was of no use to go back as they followed me wherever I went, so I made my way along the deck but could not get ahead as they were on all sides .

One caught hold of my arm and pulled me along saying over, and over again as fast as he could speak, "me wyena. me wyena," one English and one Hawaiian word , meaning, "my woman." He lead me to the rail and pointed over to the canoe where there was a woman, evidently his "wyena", carelessly eating raw seal-blubber. Another at the same time was after me, saying, "wyena, "wyena neele ," begging for needles , and another saying "wyena, saluka, saluka," meaning, "woman, woman, tobacco, tobacco." I was thankful when I got safely into the cabin . After that they all surrounded the sky-light looking down to watch me, occasionly pounding the window and screeching , "neele, neele , saluka, saluka ," and were determined to come below . We had just got seated at the dinner-table when one of the men stole softly down stairs and opened the door upon us, determined not to go back till he had made himself heard, saying , "me one cow cow," meaning , "me one eat,"

and would not depart till Captain pushed him out, and said to him, "one cow cow by and by;" he walked away repeating , "me one cow by and by ." I am told they are harmless, but for all, I do not feel like trusting them. I could not help thinking what a fearful thing to be cast away among them , as some ships have been. I cannot get used to the long days with no nights. From eight o'clock P.M. to eleven is the most delightful part of the day ; the sun keeps low as if threatening to go down, but does not go, and its beautiful red light falling so softly over the waters, ice and snow, makes the hours desirable to be on deck, as the glare of mid-day is gone, and the glitter of ice and snow much more agreeable to the eyes. It is late before we get asleep; we cover up our windows and do the best we can to make the hours seem like the time for sleeping .

Very soon we shall have too much darkness, but with it, the opportunity for making up the loss of sleep.

These miserable Esquemoux ! what a wretched place for a wretched people . It is a wonder they are as much as they are. Who can ever do anything for them? and if an effort should be made to civilize them in the season of day-light, which lasts about three months, they would, doubtless, recede to their barbarous condition during the long arctic darkness. A Missionary spirit in their behalf would be hard to cultivate, if such culture and labor were to be nourished with ones life and personal effort among them. It would be easier to have that quiet Missionary spirit that stays at home and gives an occasional dollar for some one else to go .

We have been through some very heavy ice, and at times the huge blocks coming heavily against the ship has caused fearful jars,

almost a crash. At one time we feared some damage was done to the bark, but fortunately, we pulled through without injury. Some ships are now at work repairing leaks which the thumping ice has produced.

Through Captain Robinson we received papers giving account of that fearful earthquake which occurred at the Sandwich Islands one week after we left, and the place where we were becalmed in sight of land, and could see the houses and the cattle in the dim distance, is now, houses and all, destroyed by the flowing lava, and those same shores swept over by that destructive tidal-wave which rushed in over the cocoanut trees and swept everything before it. We have been deeply affected by the accounts, having been so recently among the people. Captain Brown, whose family had just time to escape, my husband saw and conversed with when there, and we dined at Mr.Paris with with Mr.Pogue. the Missionary, whose district was entirely destroyed.

There were two shocks of an earthquake while I was at Mr. Todds at Kealakuer , and when I went up the mountain to Mr. Walls, he spoke of feeling the shocks frequently . I asked him if he did not feel alarmed, he replied that he did not as the Volcano had vent and he did not feel at all fearful. While at his house I visited a cave, and while in it a sudden fear came over me, and I begged of them to go no farther. When we came out, Captain remarked that he knew what I was thinking about when I proposed to turn back , for, ordinarily.I am brave and venturesome in such places . I was thinking of those shocks, and as there were many large stones and rocks that had fallen from the top of the cave, I feared another shock might jar off many more . I was fully satisfied with my visits to Hawaiian caves, and desire no more .

At Mr.Paris, and Mr.Todds, the shock was fearful, and the people were terrified, though the lava flow was on the opposite side of the mountain. When I realize how soon it happened after our departure, I am truly thankful we escaped the terror ; though we were not in the immediate range of the damage , yet the alarm and fright would have been more than I should have been able to endure.

About two weeks ago a part of the ships were drifted eastward by the current , and were fortunate in finding several whales.

We were among those driven by the current westward , and saw no whales, in fact, so long as the ice is so thick we could not get any if we were to see them.

The Captains all talk of a late and unprofitable season , two of the best months having already passed. Captain has. however, some hope for the season yet.

There is but little prospect of getting through the Straits . Last year they might have passed through in the months of June and July . Having heard from ships now in the Arctic that there are no whales, we have decided not to go through the Straits till August, and made our way to Bristol Bay for the "Right Whale," a whale from which is obtained whale-bone . In case we found them plenty , we would not return this season . Our passage was not very pleasant and the waters very rough. We anchored on the Russian American coast and took a supply of water. Fish were very abundant and easily caught . The weather being mild, I went ashore and there found a great variety of beautiful flowers and green ground-moss. I gathered some of the moss and as many little flowers, root and all, as I could carry in a small basket, and took them aboard ship where they kept fresh and green.

We sailed along the coast line but found no whales. In August we left the bay of Saint Paul Island and cruised West of the bay round about for three weeks , and took three Right Whales ; they were poor and made but little oil and had small heads of bone. On the 15th. of August we made sail for the Straits . For one week our passage was pleasant . We met and spoke Captain Mc.Kenzie who was going to Saint Pauls because of the hard season ; but we had seen enough of the Arctic and did not wish to return .

In a few days we had a heavy gale , during which we lost one boat ; the medicine chest upset and bottles and packages rolled under the swing-bed crushing themselves to pieces . The odors arising therefrom was not the most agreeable, and suggested pain and misery in other ways than by gales. We feared drifting onto the land . The water becoming green and muddy we were

obliged to sound continually, and the weather being so thick and foggy we missed seeing any ships.

Whaling on the East shore, passing West, we found no ships, but whales plenty . It was impossible to make much impression upon them, they being so wild. Our whalemen were very much discouraged, though they took two, and spoke the bark Navy, and learned that the good whaling was on the west shore, but that they would not remain there, fearing the ice. Captain did his best to get there, but head winds and calms detained us, and we did not succeed till the last week in September . Long dark nights , cloudy days and heavy ice made this a fearfully dismal place for me, but we found the whales.

All ships had gone, and it seemed dangerous to be there alone ; there being such a little distance between the land and the ice, and the ice might close in at any time . In four days we took ten whales, and made our

escape, there being but twelve miles between land and the ice .

When we came out we went up in sight of Point Barrow , and from there into Plover Bay where we spent ten days trying out our whales. This is a safe harbor, and I was very glad to be this side of the Straits. Natives were on board all the time, and being so greedy for the blubber we were obliged to watch them , as they would steal more than we could afford to spare . We gave them the privilege of taking the outside of the blubber which they devoured in a manner that made me wonder if they could be really human. They eat all their food uncooked.

Plover bay is on the coast of Asia, about a days sail from Behring Straits.

Our next move will be South, and I hope we shall very soon be in San Francisco.

San Francisco.Cal.

December, 1868.

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My last letter was written, a little now and a little then, at various periods during the season. I failed to keep a record of the particular dates on which I would take up my pen, but the events therein narrated may serve to give you some idea of our movements , if nothing more.

After a long voyage I am glad to find myself once more upon land . It was pleasant indeed to leave those cold dark northern latitudes, (for every thing, even the light of day seemed fearful the last part of the season,) and once more see the Sun . I cared not how long the passage might be if the sun would only shine .

Since I have been here I have felt this to be a place of rest

for my anxious spirit. It was so good to be away from the ice far from land, through Behring Straits, away from Saint Paul, and Saint Lawrence Islands, past the Fox Islands , and homeward bound.

I say homeward, because San Francisco seems more like home than any port. Our passage was smooth and favorable , and when we anchored in San Francisco bay I felt thankful and secure; but often, when we feel most secure, danger lurks near . It was about nine P.M. when we dropped anchor , so we remained on board for the night . After we had all retired, and everything was quiet , a sudden commotion on deck aroused us . Captain rushed up giving orders that reminded me of my fright in the ice . The disturbing cause proved to be a schooner drifting and draging anchor . They succeeded in pushing her away from the bows of the ship, with a loss, however , of the

flying gib boom, and before Captain had time to return to the cabin the schooner struck the larbard side of the ship injuring one boat and crushing another, besides the loss of some part of her rigging . By this time we were so startled that we hurriedly dressed ready to take a boat, but soon all danger seemed to be over and we retired again for the night. Land is not at all times without its dangers , though at sea I often think of port as a place of safety, but since our arrival we are confronted with something new to worry over and cause anxious fear. The smallpox seems to have the upper hand of the sanitary provisions of the city, and is common among the people. The yellow signs with the word "Smallpox" written in large letters are quite numerous. I fear we shall take it away with us as our crew comes from, we know not where . We shall, however, take any and every precaution that may be necessary before

leaving for our cruise this winter down the southern coast.

And then again, the earthquakes which have occurred here, and the fear of more, fill me with tremulous alarm, intensified by the fact that it is the principal topic of conversation wherever I go. So,with the two subjects ringing in my ears day after day, I feel quite ready to get out upon the ocean again . Perhaps I shall get over my first fears after being here a while , and in a measure forget them.

San Francisco, Cal.

December 21st. 1868.

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I am now writing my good-bye letters . We are nearly ready for sea again, and I find my health and spirits are very much revived by my visit here. I did not gain much at first, the weather being so unpleasant, together with the disturbing topics of smallpox and earthquakes which seemed more fearful than storms at sea . Finally the bright California sun came out, and I overcome the fears, which first assailed me , to such a degree that I now move along as other people , even to not minding it or thinking that I am in immediate danger. Sometimes when under a high brick building I have quickened my pace enough to pass quickly by . The fears which possessed every body are subsiding somewhat ,

though it is said there has been several slight shocks since we have been here, but I have not felt them, and am glad I didn't.

The papers are still publishing alarming articles about the smallpox, and the carelessness of the people . In spite of the rigid regulations of the city, the warning flags and posters are torn down at night, clothing and bedding thrown down by the water's edge to be again taken up by some stupid foreigner.

A great part of the foreign population are unvaccinated , and very much opposed to it . People are constantly coming in from the interior of this new country , and the disease is extending to parts distant from, as well as in the city . It is a very malignant form and deaths are numerous.

It is a matter of serious concern to us, inasmuch as our crew is to be made up of foreigners, and the places they are to be

taken from are bad enough without the addition of a contagious disease ; but Captain will take the precaution to have all men vaccinated before shipping them.

During this pleasant weather I have spent two thirds of the time out of doors endeavoring to make as good use of the few remaining days, and enjoy the land.

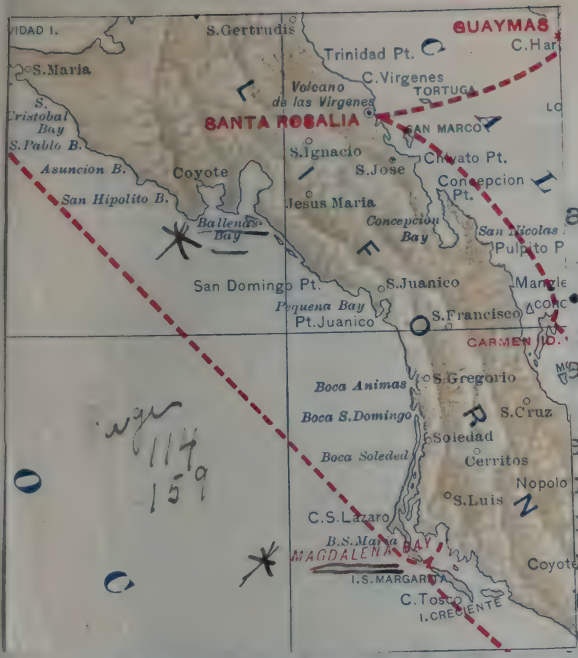
I have bought a school desk of the patent style, and a set of books such as are used in the intermediate schools in the city, hoping it will be a great aid in advancing the few opportunities that Laura has had from the little instruction I have been able to give her . The rough weather is the most serious disadvantage I have to contend with . Between her hours for studying she has been working a tidy of clouded orange , which I shall try to send home. She wishes it put on the chair in the sitting-room where you will see it all the time. It is her first work in crocheting.

She is to-day attending a Sabbath school entertainment at Dr. Stones where we have attended church, and found many pleasant friends among his people.

I feel it to be a great privation to spend so many Sabbaths away from church privileges , but we endeavor to make our Sundays at sea pleasant and profitable, and I love them, but prefer the regular gathering together of people and the voice of prayer and praise.

Captain is busy laying in stores and attending to the numerous details incident to starting on a cruise. Having the men all vaccinated is one of the most perplexing things to contend with just now , as a strong objection is raised by some of them ; but it being a very important precautionary measure , he is determined no man shall go without submitting to the operation.

I had hoped we could remain here till after Christmas , but Captain is unwilling to be detained any longer, and must sail on the 24th.



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account of the five weeks past. It will reach you so soon that you will almost feel as if you had been spending the few weeks with me in Balena Bay.

The day we left San Francisco was clear and beautiful ; had we waited one day longer we migght have spent Christmas in the city.

It was astonishing to many of our friends that we should leave on the eve of the merry festive day, but we were ready , and should have been at sea several days before. The ship was not in a very comfortable condition when we came aboard. The rooms had

been kept closed for fear of thieves, and the heavy rains and confined air had created a dampness, and the ship, while at anchor had bilged, and the pumps had been neglected, consequently, the smell was more nauseating than anything I had ever experienced before . So bad was it I could not stay below , and for a while had my bed on deck in the fresh air until the rooms were entirely dried out and fresh again.

After the tug, which towed us out of the harbor, had left us it seemed as if the last link was broken connecting us with the land. Gradually the distance widened, and lower and lower the city sank behind the swell of the sea, and all was lost to view.

The ship began to roll and, as usual. I commenced to be sick and cold. I was glad to roll myself up in some clean blankets and shut my eyes. After a few days of sea-sickness I felt much better, and life seemed bright

again, though I did not have my clothes on for several days afterwards, and suffered more than usual during the time. Being only eleven days to Balena Bay, we were soon in fine weather.

I should weary you, were I to tell you all the little incidents of my personal experience. Nothing but time and patience will be required on your part to read them, and as I propose to make you feel as if you had had a passage to the coast and spent a few days at Balena Bay, I shall need to be quite minute in the detail of small affairs, since I have nothing very wonderful or remarkable to write about.

Do not think, because I write so much about myself, that I am unmindful of home, or that I have ceased to be anxious about my dear friends. I was disappointed, while at San Francisco, in not receiving a later date from home. For a month I looked for letters from every steamer, and expected

every day that I might receive some by the overland mail. I do not look upon this as neglect, and suppose you did not know how long we were to remain in San Francisco nor the time of our arrival. I regret that I held my letters so long before mailing, but was adding to them every time I had a chance during the time we were in the city, but did not confine myself to it as I do in other places for the reason that I wanted to enjoy the pleasant weather out of doors, and should have plenty of time to write all my letters, if I wrote leisurely, knowing that I could not receive any answers till spring, and that made me feel easy about mailing my letters even after they were written.

My first delay was to enable me to give you some idea of our plans, and it was some time after our arrival before we knew them ourselves.

Returing to life at Balena ,- I have said the weather was fine, but that does not half describe the bright sunshine and balmy air . Can you imagine its effect upon the ship ? How like a bright spring morning the little cabin seems , sweet and fresh all the time with doors and windows open. Morning and evening cool, and the rising and setting of the sun clear and splended . A little rain, with the sound of distant thunder once, is all I have had to remind me of anything but sunshine. The place was beautiful to me last year , but this season every moment is precious.

I find enough to do to keep me busy most of the time , and Captain says he is obliged to pretend he has the headache in order to get any attention .

Laura has not grown very fast, but just enough for all dresses to be too small, and I am now ripping out the stitches of two years ago; ironing out gathers;

cutting over waists; taking out tucks &c. with more yet to do, as I am trying to fit the clothing so that I shall have no more to do for a year. I am in haste with it all because we are anchored, which means much to me, as I find it impossible to do such kind of work when there is much motion to the ship. I keep some light work for the rough weather, it being trying enough to make over old things without the jar of a moving ship to add to the perplexity. I am also making over several old garments into sacks and wrappers for Laura's ship wear. She very quietly suggested, on seeing them that she should think they were intended for "Susan Jeremiah." (Susan Jeremiah is a character at home who always wore patched clothing.) This remark, and the way it was said, amused me while it awakened some memories of other days.

Laura is very fond of her new school desk. Since seeing its usefulness I could not do without it. Our carpenter is to make a blackboard, and then we shall present quite a school-like appearance. She is improving rapidly with her lessons and making good headway with her writing, and will soon be able to write you a letter; I do not allow her to try to make capital letters yet, as the holding of the pen, and first principles, are not sufficiently learned. The system of penmanship which I am using advises leaving the capitals till the last; if you receive a letter written in small letters only, you will know the reason.

Much of the time when sailing it is too rugged for her to write at all. I think she will be as far advanced in her studies as other children of her age, by the time we return, and will have a great deal of general information not in the way of other children,

but will,probably, lack the confidence which is gained unconsciously by continual recitation before a room full. There are some other disadvantages connected with a sea life, but as there is no other way than for us to be here we have only to strive and overcome them , as far as possible, and leave the result. It seems remarkable that she is never unhappy . There are times when I could not blame her if she should be otherwise ; I sometimes feel that she is a good example for me. She received a Chinese box and a book from our Mate on Christmas, also other books, and a roll of Well Springs and other Sunday school papers , from friends in San Francisco, so she does not lack juvenile reading , and I find she reads them as children did their few books in olden times.

Such books and papers are read on board ship by the men and sailors when other religious reading intended for their use would pass

unnoticed. I have been astonished to see the interest they have manifested in her papers.

Owing to the situation of Balena the whaling is done in a lagoon about six miles from the ship . We have taken about one humdred barrels since we came here. They are now at the head of the lagoon which takes them from the ship two days. Captain goes in his boat and sleeps on the ground , or in his boat at night.. There are less and less whales here each year , and we are the only ship in the bay this season.

When leaving San Francisco we were greatly distressed by fears of smallpox , and employed a physician to vaccinate all the men; we had been out only two days when one of the men began to complain saying, he had not been well for several days, was troubled with a breaking out which Captain tried to think was erysipelas . When he first complained he was in a room by himself, a place

near the forecastle , and one of the men well scared from smallpox took care of him. The disease came on gradually and we soon decided that we had a case of mild smallpox. Soon after another complained with suspicious symptoms . Captain let him remain with the men till the third day and then he too was placed with the other sick man. He grew worse rapidly , and died about one week from the time he first complained; and was buried on shore . He was a Mexican and had never been vaccinated before . The Mate was taken with all the preliminary symptoms two weeks from the time he moved the last sick man . He broke out but little, his case being a light one. It came very near home to have the variloid in the cabin , and I almost offended the Mate by simply trying to be careful.

Captain purchased a Chlorine Gas Generator , and we have kept it busy , and with two pounds of

camphor open in our room we feel pretty safe for the present.

The matter may cause us some inconvenience at the Islands, their quarantine laws being very rigid.

Since laying my letter aside, we have been moving onward, and sailing smoothly, so much so that I can write without difficulty. I supposed we would go direct to Honolulu, but instead, we are nearing Lahaina where, Captain informs me, we shall anchor for a while. A breeze is springing up and I feel a tossing of the ship which, if kept up, will put a quietus to my writing.

Later.

We are now anchored, and the sea is perfectly tranquil, as if resting in peace after the tumult of yesterday which compelled me to lay aside my letter and go on deck to see the cause of the sudden rolling and pitching of the ship; the wind was blowing

hard, and its violence was heard and felt in the whistle of the rigging and roll of the bark. The gale lasted but a short time, but in that brief period we were severely tossed about by the driven waves . The fury of the storm drove me to my usual refuge, the swing-bed. I could hear the rigging roar , and fancied I could hear the ropes snap with the violence of their vibrations . The blackest thunder-gusts I ever witnessed on land or sea were not one half so savage in appearance, or so relentless in expression . The storm passed more quickly than it came, and the waters calmed down to peace and quiet ; the sun, already nearing the western horizon , shone forth, and we were overvaulted with a glory of colors. The sky, had a ground-hue of rose toward the west and purple toward the east, and mottled and flecked over all its surface with light clouds, running through every shade of crimson, anber, violet

and russet-gold ; the whole vast shell of the firmament glowed with an equal radiance, reduplicating its hues on the glassy sea, so that we seemed floating in a hollow sphere of prismatic crystal ; through bars of burning carmine one could look on the soft, rose-purple folds of an inner curtain, and, far within and beyond that, on the clear amber-green of the immaculate sky. The island was beautiful in the distance, under a sky of dazzling purity, and the whole scene had that same clearance of outline and enchanting harmony of color which give to landscapes their greatest charm. The shores were buried in vegetation . The fields of young sugar-cane ran along the slopes ; palms waved from the hill-top, and the houses lay deep in the valleys, nestling in groves. I drank in the land-wind— a combination of all tropical perfumes in one full breath of cool air — with an enjoyment

verging on intoxication, while, point beyond point, my vision followed the enchanting coast.

Mr.Andrews has invited us ashore to remain with his family as guests until we are ready to sail, and, as the boat is waiting to convey us ashore, I will lay aside my letter and gladly accept of their hospitality.

In taking up my pen again, in this quiet restful place, I hardly know how to express the pleasure I have found with these kind people .

A small schooner has brought letters, among which were a number for me, the reading of which has added to my enjoyment, but I fear that the time will be taken up so much with other matters that my letters nust be brief and hurried and oblige me to defer all details of our pleasant visit until a more favorable and undisturbed opportunity.

At Sea, April. 1869.

....

We are again ; after a delightful winter near the coast, and in the South Pacific , en-route for the land of snow and seas of ice ; again battling with the mighty waves of the North Pacific ; with pleasant memories of balmy winter days in a Southern clime , mingled with a seeming dread of the icy fangs of a frigid sea into which we shall soon be plunging.

Before beginning this record of passing events in icy ocean life, I will return to the time when I last sealed up my letters at Lahaina . I have forgotten what I wrote you from there , but know I must have given you the idea that I was enjoying my brief visit with those kind people .

I was disappointed in not visiting Honolulu; as I had

looked forward so long to the pleasure of renewing the joyous times , and live over again the happiness I experienced when there , and bask once again in the beauty and loveliness of the city of palms and flowers.

Being a stranger at Lahaina I expected only to go on shore during the day and return to the ship at night, as I always do at Kawaihai , but when we received an invitation from Mr.Andrews we were surprised and gratified indeed , there being no public house. This is a lovely island, everything so pleasant to the eye.

There are two sugar plantations and two sugar-mills, which is about all the business of the place . The only white residents are the Missionaries ; one or two teachers, and one or two Government officials and several families engaged at the sugar-works.

These white people, few as they are in number, represent several

nationalities and are not congenial to each other. There is no society for them, and each family seem to have an independent existence . Of the family on the hill I have only to speak. They have a lot of children and are educating them themselves . The college is for native boys, and connected with the institution is a sugar plantation ; the sugar-cane is cultivated by the college boys . Messrs Andrews and Bishop are the teachers , they live side by side and work the plantation together.

Laura met three little girls in Mr.Andrews family , and two in Mr.Bishops, which was the first time she had met children of her own age since we left the steamers.

A little schooner, once or twice a week brought letters and papers from abroad. I found there everything we could care to read from the "Little Corporal," to the "Boston Journal," including the New York and Chicago papers.

The family seem to have ample time for reading as their domestic cares seem to be only to see that others work. The little girls had work as well as play . I feel that the visit was very good for Laura , as she has seen so little of children in their homes. It is not strange that Mrs.Andrews should say to me that I could not realize how old Laura's style of talking was, when we consider how little she has heard childlike talk .

My letters came while there, and I spent much of the time in writing after receiving them .

How vividly I remember the freshness of the green grass and the fragrance of the bright oleanders as I sat at the table writing ; everything was so still and lovely , and the air so mild and genial , and my feelings so tender after I had received my letters . Neither can I forget the kindness of these two families, and their tenderly expressed sympathy whenever needed.

With all their kind attentions, and the quiet of the peaceful environments, I did not feel as if I should care to spend any great length of time there, but, if obliged to be left anywhere , I should prefer it to many other places . The land was pleasant, and restful to be upon it so long as I could keep my mind from dwelling upon the thoughts of the long seven months ahead , far away from land and friends.

Mrs.Andrews gave us a large bucket of honey ,- such honey as only island bees can make from tropical flowers. It is keeping very nicely and is a sweet reminder of our late visit.

Just before we sailed , they sent us a basket of fresh roses to surprise me ; such a sweet parting gift, which I shall long remember. They did not keep fresh very long , but the memory of them will ever remain unfaded.

Late in the afternoon we sailed from the island . The sun was setting among the jagged piles

of a broken thunder-cloud, and ribbon-like streaks of lightning darted all round the horizon.

I stood upon the deck trying to enjoy a parting glance as we glided seaward , out on its sheets of brilliant blue water, specked with white-caps that leaped to a fresh breeze . All tropical islands seem beautiful to me ; The gorgeous growths of an eternal summer are so mingled in one impenetrable mass, that the eye is bewildered ; it seemed as if I could not let one moment's view escape me . From the rank jungles of canes and gigantic lilies, and the thickets of strange shrubs that line the water, rose the trunks of the mango, the ceiba, the cocoa, the sycamore and the superb palm. The picturesque houses, the woods behind and the hills above them, glowed like an illuminated painting , till darkness dropped down upon the water and hid them all from sight .

We had a voyage to Fox Islands, devoid of incident . At times the waves ran high under a dull rain, and raw head wind which increased in velocity as we neared the islands, and for one week we were unable to attempt a passage through them . When, at last, we did venture through the narrow passage , it was a very cold day and the snow was falling fast and everything looked so terrific that I was glad to keep below and try to forget their frowning appearance. When the weather is pleasant I enjoy looking at the headlands in the distance , a bold, rocky promontory , washed at its foot by a line of snowy breakers. My eyes follow the magnificent sweep of hills, and the range towering high beyond; often I find my feelings of desolation balanced by the enjoyment of unsurpassed scenery and a continual sensation of novelty.

The day after we passed through the islands the clouds disappeared , and how welcome

the grandeur of the sunlight . I remained on deck till sunset came on us , and the cloudless sky became gradually suffused with a soft rose-tint, which covered its whole surface, painting alike the glassy sheet of the sea, and glowing most vividly on the receding islands . The color deepened every moment and the peaks of the coast in the distance burned with a rich red light . This gradually faded into a glowing purple, and at last into a blue as intense as that of the sea at noonday. It was no transient spectacle, fading away ere one could feel its surpassing glory . It lingered, and lingered, changing almost imperceptibly and with so beautiful a decay , that one lost himself in the enjoyment of each successive charm, without regret for those which were over. The dark blue of the mountains deepend into their night-garb of dusky shadow without any interfusion of dead

ashy color, and the heaven overhead was spangled with all its stars long before the brilliant arch of orange in the west had sunk below the horizon. The air had a purity which made the long hours of twilight enchanting.

The next morning, the ships began gathering about us and soon we were all encountering ice , being more than two degrees south of where we found it last year . Captain decided to put the ship in soon as possible . We sailed smoothly for twenty four hours , though the ice was heavy, no danger was anticipated ; gradually, however, a heavy swell arose annd the ocean heaved, and rolling over some of the tall cakes of ice , sent the snow flying in all directions. We had thumped all day, and the noise was not unlike thunder, and the ocean looked so wildand fierce, lifting those immense icebergs ,that I was growing nervous over the scene

of tumult. About nine o'clock P.M. one long flat heavy cake of ice took its place by the side of the ship where my swinging-bed is situated, and there it thumped unceasingly. We could not get it away, nor away from it, and with every swell it seemed as if we would be crushed to pieces. Captain concluded to try and blow it up . He filled a bottle with powder, inserted a fuseand sank it in the floating ice ; the fuse did not burn well hence no explosion. After a little the ice moved and we were able to get a short distance from that one heavy cake where we remained till daylight. All the next day we worked through the ice , and at night returned to the place from which we started . There were other ships in the same fix, some of which lost their rudders and are otherwise injured. We show the marks of the frost rocks but are not seriously damaged.

A day or two after we came out of the ice we saw colors flying from a distant ship and did our best to answer the signal ; in due time her Captain was on board and brought letters by the last eastern mail to the islands. By the islands, I mean, the "Sandwich Islands," where all the mail for whalers in the North are distributed to ships coming this way.

The ship, "George Howland," was about a mile away , and the Julian five miles in the distance. One day , Laura , and her father walked on the ice to the George Howland, and returned safely.

Captain, and Captain Knowles, proposed walking to the Julian, five miles distant over the ice and snow-banks . It seemed an absurd idea, but they went taking a long boat-hook with them to help jump from cake to cake. They returned the same day seemingly satisfied, and without any mishap.

No whales come near enough for us to have a fair chance at them. They shot one, but he disappeared under the ice. Captain is watching all the openings near us in hope of a prize.

I trust I am giving you a comprehensive idea of my life here. Notwithstanding the many fears that naturally come from the dangers of the sea, and the long time away from friends, I am comparatively happy, and busy myself with various little things, among which is the finishing of one of those pieces of worsted work which I brought with me from home. I am hurrying it up by working swiftly, for two reasons. In the ice with no swell the ship is quiet, and it is much easier to work than when the ship is rolling and tossing about, and then too, I have been fearful that I was not going to have worsted enough of one or two shades, and was in haste to know.

I have no idea what use I shall have for the work after it is finished; however, my stiches will always be a sort of journal to me whenever I see them, and remind me of much that was said and done when I was making them.

August , 1869.

The sea has opened at last and we have found open water where last year we found heavy ice. Before we came through the Straits we had a visit from Captain Frazier, and as often as once a week some one would spend the day with us . We found one whale , but the ice has been so thick and heavy when the whales passed that it was impossible to catch them." Our season opened in a very unpromising manner. After this early season we do not expect any whaling till September. The weather is fine in the Arctic these months, and as there has been nothing done in

walrusing for several years, and as the walrus abounds on the ice at this time, many of the ships made an attack upon them. Captain Frazier took seven hundred, our ship four hundred , and other ships about as many . We left the walrus ground before the other ships did, as Captain decided to go around Point Barrows , and as far up North as any ships ever venture, and intended to be there by the last of August, if the ice should open . This is Captain's first attempt at walrusing . He goes in the boat himself and often gets ten or fifteen , and other boats do equally as well. It requires a great amount of hard work . After they bring them on the ship every bit of fur has to be taken off first before it is ready for boiling . The entire crew was busy day and night , in fact the whole twenty four hours are day-light, and they are constantly watching for a

school of walrus to appear.

From the walrus ground we went to "Kotsbue Sound," east of Behring Straits, where we took water and nade prearations for Point Barrow.

While on our way North we chanced to meet the "Eagle", Captain Mc.Mc.Kensie, who had been in Bristol Bay during the early part of the season, and had taken nothing . He followed us to Poit Barrow, which being considered a dangerous place, on account of ice, I was glad to have company near. Ever since our last heavy swell in the piling ice, the ship has leaked, in consequence of an opening in some of the seams; and the pumps were obliged to be worked daily. From the terrible pounding the ship has received it is marvelous that she has a sound timber left.

June. July and August have passed with fine weather most of the time , and the three

months have glided by quite serenely, more so than any like period since I have been at sea , without a severe storm or any apparent danger from land or sea.

I have learned to use canned milk very successfully, and with my little coffee and tea-pot I am able to have my beverages just right, and have proved to the steward that there is such a thing as having good tea and coffee instead of the miserable drinks he produces from using twice as much as needed. Capable as he is, I find he needs instruction in some things. It seems strange to have men cooking and cleaning , and doing kitchen work. I cannot reconcile myself to thinking they are fitted for such labor, and wonder they do as well as they seem to do.

One would suppose that Captain Tinkham and the crew of the Junior had had enough of frigid waters for one cruise. Not so! While in the New Zealand port Captain Tinkham heard for the first time of the wonderful new kind of whale—the bowhead—just discovered in the Arctic. It was a whale that yielded, not only oil, but a still more valuable product, bone.

So the Junior sailed for the Arctic, reaching the northern "high" latitudes in April, 1848, where she made a fine catch of bowheads,

It was [illegible] August we r[illegible]w; how, I never knew, as we sailed near the shore through dense fog nearly all the time; often firing a gun to estimate the distance from land, sounding frequently and blowing the fog-horn to warn off other ships of our appreach. The ship Eagle, was in sight of us when the fog would give us any seeing distance. When we reached the Point we found one ship boiling out oil, and another looking for a chance . This was encouraging, particularly so when, a few hours afterwards , we commenced work in earnest .

Three weeks of September have passed and, in that time, including the last week in August , we have caught, boiled and stowed down one thousand barrels of oil. We have room for about

two hundred more , and then we shall be ready to sail South. Every man has worked all the time their eyes have been open, and such weary men I have never seen before . We went around the Point and anchored . At first it appeared perfectly safe , and the ice looked a long way off , but in a day or two a heavy fog-curtain dropped around us and our boats were out of sight for more than twelve hours, but by repeated signal-guns and fog-horns they finally found us . They came through the ice towing a large whale . The ice was rapidly coming down upon us . In haste they took up anchor and sailed south of the Point.

The next morning , looking from mast-head the place we left was a field of Arctic ice . I remarked, we were fortunate to get away , but Captain said, "O that is nothing ." I did not, however, agree with him.

While all this hard work has been going on by Captain and his men , I have been making an Afghan. I never did anything I enjoyed so much; though not very fine work but soft and nice for cold weather. It is not yet finished , and I am out of some of the shades and no place to replenish. I worked with thread , and went on as if I had plenty till two or three shades were worked up and then I ceased altogether. For a week past I have been knitting while the crew have been breaking out ship to make room for oil; the dry-goods kept in casks have been thrown into the cabin causing confusion worse than house-cleaning. Through all this month I have been very comfortable ; though very cold, and the ship has been covered with ice ; the fog congealed to the rigging , and every rope encased in an icy tube. The sight was not unlike our coronation of winter. The pump has been frozen,

and for a time ice took possession of the ship . The men have looked very solemn, having neither danced nor sung . They have no fire, and its a mystery to me how they can keep from freezing. Captain says men are more healthy without fire, that they would keep their quarters too warm and then expose themselves and take violent colds . They have all been well, thus far, since coming to these cold regions . The ship provides them with heavy shirts and blankets . While, to me , it seems hard, I suppose it is better for them to be without fire since their labor requires them to expose themselves to the cold and storm . The smoke and fogs of the last month have made black and white men look alike .

One of our sailors, a native of the Sandwich Islands, has had a cough and frequent ill turns for a long time .. The disease did not seem exactly like consumption , but somewhat akin to it . Others who have natives say, that if they ever think they are

going to die they soon give up all idea of living. We did not really know how sick he was, but gave him the privilege of doing so much as he felt able to do about the ship. He was anxious to work and was on deck every day laughing and talking with the men, and I should never have taken him for a sick man if Captain had not often said he was a "Kenaka," and may die any day . Just before this last cold weather he died after being below but one day. It was very sad to have death in our midst ; he being the first to die on the ship . We kept the body several days, and then one morning , the sun came out, something we had not seen for a long time, - the body was prepared for its watery grave. I cut my maderia vine and together with some geraneum leaves , made a wreath which was tacked to the canvass containing the body . We all went on deck where suitable selections were read from the

Episcopal Prayer Book . Every man seemed respectful as they stood with uncovered heads listening . The body was lowered into the great deep and all was over . Poor Sam ! He loved his green islands, and always came to the ship with a wreath of bright yellow merrigolds on his black hat, when we were in port.

I have thought so much of his death, knowing that he was not prepared to go; probably he would never have any change of heart , or be any better prepared.

I have been asked why I do not exercise a missionary spirit among those just about me . My answer has been, that I do not consider it the part of wisdom for one in my place to attempt too much. The dignity of reserve seems to be better understood than any kind of freedom beyond civility . Cold civility and reserve, treating them always the same, is the only way to keep them in place . Our sailors

are obedient and kind, and it is seldom I hear cross word from any one of them . I often think of many sermons I have heard about "poor sailors who never have a kind word spoken to them," when I so seldom hear anything but kind words . There are, however, times when sailors need harsh sounding words of command , and the stearnest of treatment, without which they would soon be unmanagable . To take a number of men of different nationalities, from prisons, from armies and the slums of cities, with here and there a wayward youth from a New England home , and place them all together on board ship away from police authority, there must be some one to control and keep them under obedience and order ; such power falls upon the Captain who must, and does conform his sway to the conditions before him; and while it is not always agreeable to exercise rigorous discipline, it is, in most cases, decidedly essential.

We hear much preaching from pulpits about the poor sailor and inhuman Captains, but these learned divines who discourse such rubbish, and the innocent listeners who take it all in as a part of gospel truth, really know but little of ocean life.

Sailors, as a rule, are proverbily deceptive, and it is not uncommon for them to boast of their goodness when in the presence of good people. As a class, the sailor has no use for money beyond the dissipation it affords him when ashore. Captain paid a man several hundred dollars last season in San Francisco , and in two weeks he was in debt , run down at the heel and depraved.

I am inclined to think, from what I have observed in my personal experience, which is the best test and guide, that the most effective treatment is to be always kind, to have a cheerful good will toward them; kind words in our mouth and in our hand a

bundle of white rags and healing salve for their cuts and bruises. Good books and papers, such as benevolent people give for their use do no harm among them ; but few can read, and many do not speak english readily while those who do read have so vitiated their taste by pernicious reading that there seems but little hope of their making a good use of a modest bundle of religious literature. Among the many reforms started in their behalf, I am not a little surprised that so little is said about a low class of literature that finds its way into the hands of these depraved classes of humanity. It would seem that this is doing more to ruin the sailors than all other things combined, and needs to be preached about more than the harsh treatment so much discussed.

The average sailor loves and devours a low vulgar style of reading to an extent which I could never have believed till

I had my experience among them. We find, however, some men of principle ; kind, obedient and uncomplaining, such, as we might have some hope for, but too often, as soon as they have the chance , show their depravity to such a degree as causes us to say, "what is human effort worth ?"

I am looking forward with hope for a safe voyage to the Sandwich Islands. The thought has often entered my mind how some people fret over their friends when merely crossing the ocean in a steamer , and then to think of my own ocean wanderings. After all the sea seems as safe as the land., and that it does not make so much difference where we are, uncertainty lurks around our coming and going.

The sea has a facination with all its dangers, and I have an unwavering determination to follow the ship through this voyage if my health permits. I find the inconveniences of sea life

seem less and less every month, a feeling doubtless occasiond from becoming more and more accustomed to it ; indeed, so much at home do I feel here, that I often think it will be a long time before I can again become accustomed to New England life. I have forgotten nothing, and shall never forget anything of that life, though three years on the water may come and go before reaching home.

What intelligence is now gathering together for our ears . The record of ten months ; what silence these months have kept . What earnest hopes and silent fears have crept betimes into our minds as day after day hath brought the unsatiated anxieties so natural to long and silent absence. How solicitous you have been for the little family in the Arctic, is equalled only by the concern I have felt for dear ones at home.

I have written much, but only that you may gleam therefrom somewhat of our life and habits. Though this life is, in a measure, monotonous, the days are not all alike . I shall write much less at the Islands, and intend to put ship life out of my mind as much as possible . Many letters from home are there waiting for me with three thousand miles between me and them.

During the passage from here to the Sandwich Islands, over three weeks, the time will be employed by the men washing the outside of two thousand barrels of oil and bone, which must be done by hand each separately.

We are looking South .Yesterday we had sunlight nearly all day , and a clear evening . I was on deck till ten P.M. watching the bright fire made for boiling out oil. The Aurora Borealis was splended, constantly changing, fading, brightening and then flaming, flickering and moving

all over the heavens. It is not to be wondered that we see the light in our latitude. They seem almost near enough here to touch them, being all around us. North. South, East and West.

The sunsets are superb. The sky divides into alternate bands of blue and rose color ; purple clouds form a background along the horizon, and behind it the sky shines with splendor, reflecting its gorgeous hues on the sea's glassy surface .

We are now in the far North, but shall soon have our prow turned homeward, and our keel plowing the Pacific, and this ice-bound region lying far behind us . I am already beginning to feel , as I have not felt for a long time, that every day will be bringing me nearer home . Soon the very sky will be changed, the sea of a deeper blue, the waves sparkle with a merrier life, and my spirits take on a buoyancy of gladness and pleasure.

Honolulu,
Sandwich Islands,

November 16th.1869.

....

Since my last writing there is a month of untold experience . We were then at the far distant North where the pounding ice was beating upon the already scarred sides of our ship ; but now, safely anchored on this flowery shore under cover of foliage , and where a wealth of vegetation covers the land like a picturesque headland of leafy wilderness. What a contrast ! and what a charm fills the soul in the enjoyment of this great and wonderful change .

On our way down, about ten A.M. we touched Blossom Shoals. The Mate came down, and looking very much alarmed , said land was in sight . Captain rushed

on deck, and soon I felt a heavy jar, and said, "can this be ice ?" the steward replied, "it sounds like it." In an instant another jar longer and more lingering than the former. The steward made a speech peculiar to himself , and I was waiting for the next when the third jar came and the ship struck bottom. He rushed on deck, saying, "we are aground." Captain was giving orders in a loud commanding tone . His first move was to put on all sail and trust to the heavy swell throwing us up from the bottom to put us beyond the reach of the shoal. The men worked quickly and the sails took the wind and the swell threw us up . When I heard Captain say, "throw the lead," and the answer , "nine fathom six," it brought a sense of relief to my frightened spirit . I attempted to get up not knowing that the trembling of my limbs would compel me to stay where I was.

Nothing affords me greater relief than the thought that a great distance lies between me and Blossom Shoals.

A few days after the fearful fright, Captain had a painful toothache, a matter which may seem a small thing in a world of dentists ; but at sea, beyond the sight of land, it assumes a more formidable phase. Sails were seen in the distance, and as we came nearer to them they proved to be those of the ship "George Howland," Captain Knowles. He had been with us often during the season , and he being quite skillful in the healing art, Captain concluded to go to him for relief when near enough, which he did , and when he returned he had the tooth in his pocket.

Soon after this we passed through the Straits, took water at Cape Prince of Wales , and had a very quiet passage to the Fox Islands, but there we were met by head winds, fogs and calms ,

and though in sight of the islands, we did not dare to venture through the passage . After a delay of ten days we found our way through and took strong breezes .

I recognized the islands with a feeling of familiar acquaintance, and gazed upon their cold forbidding forms with a sigh of relief till they slowly passed astern, and at three o'clock faded out of sight behind us. There was a prophecy of a better land in the very air, and I invoked a benediction on the strong breeze which filled every inch of our canvass and carried us onward toward the land of fruits and flowers. The ship was very deep we carried all sail. A great deal of water was shipped and twice the cabin was flooded, and we were obliged to dip water up from under the swing-bed. Water penetrated every part of the ship.. We had a very quick passage to Latitude 28, then had calms and unfavorable winds.

It was indeed pleasant to again be in warm weather with a bright sun shining; and the change from the narrow passages in the island seas, to the open ocean, was at once manifest in the dark blue of the water, the paleness of the sky, the clearness and bracing freshness of the air, the wider stretch of the horizon, and the long, deliberate undulations of the sea, which gave our vessel a motion we had not felt for weeks before ; a good opportunity was had for cleaning up and taking things out of the damp lockers, and dry and air them. Some of our books were injured by the water, and some clothes in my trunk were much mildewed.

It is one week since we arrived here ; added to the charm of sailing into a long desired port was the sound of the dropping anchor. Soon shore faces were on board to greet us ; among others was Captain Mc.Kenzie, who extended an invitation for

us to spend our time at the place where he and his wife were staying . The great change from the Arctics to the Tropics has about prostrated me . We all feel the heat and its enervating effect . A light diet of gruel is all I dare venture upon. My languid condition caused Captain to think I was sick enough to have a doctor, and this morning sent one up to see me. A very nice looking little man dressed all in white with a large cluster of fresh rose-buds in the button-hole of his coat . He was a smooth spoken little Doctor , and listened to my complaints with the professional ear. I had been having a bad night , but Mrs. Bartlett's mustard had taken effect and I was feeling quite well before the doctor arrived. He left me four little black pills, one to be taken every four hours. I am feeling better to-day than for a long time , and commencing to enjoy myself.

I give much credit to the mustard and gruel, and allow a little to a glimpse of the doctor and his pretty rose-buds, and his little black pills.

Laura thought I looked too well to have a doctor and wanted me to get into bed and try to look sick, but I felt more like dressing up to meet him , and did so. I really did not need the doctor, nor his little black pills , but Captain wanted me to be well so as to receive company and go about, and could hardly afford the time demanded by nature to restore me after my long season on the ocean.

December 26th

The opportunity for sending letters from here occur but once a month, consequently I have written but one , feeling more like enjoying the time by visiting, and other pleasures, all of which, together with the fine weather, has proven delightful . I have enjoyed society, and when I think of the many cordial greetings within the last month I can hardly believe myself to be in a land of strangers. Christmas has passed, and it has seemed more like the Fourth of July . At mid-night guns were fired from the "Punch-bowl Heights," and little boys blew horns and trumpets . The bells of Catholic Churches, and all other kind of noises , made Honolulu lively.

Besides the two holidays, Christmas and Thanksgiving day , which my own education enabled me to understand, there have been

two Hawaiian holidays, one called the "Restoration," and the other the King's birthday, which I could not so fully comprehend .

In acknowledgment of an invitation to celebrate the King's birthday I attended the ball given in honor of "His Majesty." Such a display of natives, half whites, and foreign people , probably my eyes will never behold again . The gentlemen appeared to admire the half cast more than the genuine native , and many of them are very pretty. Some of the best looking white men , and those occupying the highest official positions, have native half whites for their wives . It is impossible to conceive of such a state of society till one has seen for themselves . There seems to be the least prejudice here on account of color of any place I ever visited.

Captain is strongly in favor of annexation, that the United States should take control of the

islands , and believes that at some future day it will be done. They are now working the Chinese in as laborers, and soon there will be a new element to contend with. Last evening I called with some friends on one of the Chinese merchants . His wife is a half white native. Her husband has prospered in business , and they have one of the most beautiful homes in Honolulu, and is kept in the most precise style . The house is full of curious chinese furniture and ornaments. They have eight children, seven of which are girls . The father takes full control of the boy , and the mother does as she pleases with the girls. When the boy was three years old his father took him to China to be educated . He returned a short time since unable to understand his father , either in native or english speech , and only in chinese language.

Among the children was one too old to belong to the group of eight, who , I was informed, was the son of the merchant's wife in China, still living. The Chinese think it perfectly right to have more than one wife. This son is being educated at the Missionary College at Punshow. He has also a chinese education .

I attended church this morning, and heard a very fine sermon by Mr.Snowden of the Bethel Church. The church was decorated with evergreens and ferns , though it is of the Congregational order. The beauty of the roses among the ferns will long be remembered , and pleasing to think I saw them among the Missionaries in a church of our own denomination.

Last Thursday our ship went into the stream where we were to go on board the next morning. During the night a severe gale came on and she blew away in charge of the Mate, and did not return till Sunday, which accounts for our spending Christmas here.

The month and half spent here has been exceedingly pleasant. I am as much as ever before , charmed with the island , and have enjoyed every moment , and feel fully rested and strong to resume our life afloat , which we shall do in a few days . I feel more reconciled to our departure knowing that we are going near other genial islands where fruit abounds , fine scenery and all the beauty of tropical life ; and then, too, I have in mind the prospect of seeing Japan , which adds to my willingness and resignation to depart and leave behind us these scenes of beauty and comfort.

Scypan Harbor.
Ladrone Islands.

February 2nd.1870.

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We have been here about one week. I should like to give you some idea of the place, and how we are situated but fear my efforts may be inadequate to the task. We have the bright shining sun all the time , which is most delightful after our stormy passage . The weather is warm enough to make hay, and reminds me of our bright July days at home , without their occasional showers and thunder. We have b brought to us every day the productions of the island , and are flooded with green corn and watermellons ,-luxuries for sea-faring people in their ocean homes. Lemons grow here in their perfection

and so little cared for that they ask nearly nothing for them . We have not had a chance to buy any as our wants have been amply supplied by gifts. We keep a standing jug of lemonade and drink nothing else. The Ladrone Islands belong to Spain and have for over two hundred years, and generation after generation finds them about the same. One of the islands is leased to an Irishman for the cultivation of cane , arrowroot, sweet potatoes , cotton and corn. He has a Spanish wife, otherwise he would not be permitted to live among them. He, and the Governor of the island have imported a lot of Caroline island natives . They were so wild and savage when they went after them that they feared for their safety , but they finally became docile and now perform much of the drudgery and labor of the plantations . When this gentleman leased the islands he owned a vessel which, at one

time, with a cargo and his wife aboard, encountered one of those fearful tyfoons and was a total loss, but he and his wife escaped in the easy part of the gale. The destruction resulting from one of these tyfoons is still visible in the fallen, broken and bent trees . I inquired what the people did when the fierce winds blew down the trees, and was told that they dig down near the roots of the iron-wood tree and cling to it. The last tyfoon lasted three days. Since the loss of his vessel, the irishman is obliged to stay on the island and often see his produce go to waste for want of a market. The Spanish element regard themselves as highly cultivated, and look upon these foreign natives as savages. A number of them are here to-day gathering lean meat from a whale, and in their naked condition remind me of pictures we often see. We have no dealings with them; as this is not their

island home, and they own nothing, not even their time, being in bondage. The men are larger than natives generally are, and their faces are not so bad as their appearance would indicate. They tie their hair on the very top of their head leaving the ends to fly or curl according to the nature of the hair. Imagine this, and the little scarf worn for the sake of decency, and you have the picture. I have been on shore once. The village is nothing more than a little settlement with no houses nor streets, and only a few huts of natives and the place where the Governor lives, which is more like a shed, or place for a cow, than a dwelling-place for man. It has a grass roof and a plank floor, and tobacco leaves were hanging from the roof to dry, and pigeons flying in and out. It was furnished with one table and two long benches, and one odd box-like chair. The Governor's wife is of Spanish descent, lighter than her husband.

She was dressed in white garments washed and ironed so beautifully which, in a place like that, you could not help noticing at once. I saw no beds, but saw pillows clean and white beautifully trimmed and placed upon a beam supporting the roof , from all of which I inferred they slept on the floor, and on the benches . Everything seemed neat inside, but very shed-like in outward appearance. Their cooking was done over a fire at the base of a pile of stones .

I visited the church which was a long, narrow. dark stone structure , built to resist the tyfoons , and was strongly braced from the outside. There was not a seat inside, and the images which decorated the interior were of the cheapest and most repulsive kind one would care to look at. The Priests come once a year and perform the religious ceremonies all at once , even to the prayers for those long dead. He takes away with him all the

money , and charges very high for the pardon of sins, and the priestly duties that the people are made to believe they must have . With all this, it is not strange that the Ladrones remain as they were two hundred years ago. If our Government owned these islands, I do not believe the cotton would go to waste for the want of a machine, nor the fine lemons decay for want of a market. The natives take the heart of the cocoanut tree to make a fermented drink , but the tyfoons have destroyed many of the trees , so at present there are but few compared with what there , otherwise, would have been. I have learned to look upon the cocoanut as one of the best gifts of these sunny islands. I am wishing the whales might be numerous about the reefs, as it is a pleasure to be anchored during such pleasant weather.

We left Honolulu soon after Christmad and went immediately

into rough water and heavy rains, and during our passage from the Sandwich Islands to Strong's Island we had more rain than before . Everything became damp and steamed, mildewed and moulded ; not a book nor a shoe escaped a mouldy coating. The ship bilged,- if you do not know what that means, I will say, that the ship sweat,- and this moisture during one night would turn black, giving the ship a most woe-begone appearance in the morning. The doors of the cabin and all about its sides , looked as if some one had dashed dye-stuff upon them during the night. The humidity was like unto our wretched dog-days, the disagreeableness of which was intensified by the fact that we could not have the windows open over head because of the rain pouring down, nor on the side owing to the rolling in of the sea. All this, after having two months on land, and in a real house dry and comfortable, made it doubly

disagreeable. After three weeks, such as described, the sun came out , the breeze died away, and we lay with motionless sails upon the gleaming sea . The sun hung over the mast-head and poured down a warm tropical languor , which seemed to melt the very marrow in one's bones .. For hours we lay becalmed , when a light ripple stole along from the horizon, and we saw the footsteps of the welcome breeze long before we felt it . Gradually increasing, it bore us smoothly and noiselessly along , and at sunset we saw the wooded hills of Strong's island . The night was filled with the glory of the full moon — a golden tropical radiance, nearly as lustrous, and far more soft and balmy, than the light of day-- a mystic, enamored bridal of the sea and sky. The breeze was so gentle as to be felt, and no more ; the ship slid as silently through the water as if her keel was muffled in silk ; and the sense of repose in motion was

so sweet, so grateful to my travel-wearied senses, that I remained on deck till late in the evening, steeped in a bath of pure indolent happiness. The next morning was equally as delightful. From dawn we went slowly loitering in view of the lovely islands that gem those remote seas, until we at last anchored at Strong's Island. Nothing can be more beautiful than their cones of never fading verdure, draped to the very edge of the waves, except where some retreating cove shows its beach of sand. The light, lazy clouds, suffused with a crimson flush of heat, that floated slowly through the upper heavens, cast shifting shadows upon the masses of foliage, and deepened, here and there, the dark-purple hue of the sea.

When the Pilot came out to tow us into port, his first information, that the "Morning Star", was lost, startled us, as we knew she was expected at Honolulu with

Missionaries, and not knowing where or how she was lost, we were deeply concerned, but soon the wreck appeared in sight, and we learned that she was lost when leaving the place we were about to enter. The harbor where we anchored was very small, and we dropped anchor very near the land. It did not seem as if there could be room enough for the ship to swing around. This near view of the island confirms my first impressions of it from a distance. It is beautiful, very heavily wooded ; the dense forests begin at the water's edge and continue to the tops of the mountains. Strong's Island is often mentioned in the missionary papers, and is the home of Mr. and Mrs Snow, now in America . Their work and influence is very perceptable here . I heard one of the women sing, "I have a Father in the promised land," in their own language, and another to the tune of "John Brown." I also saw a

group of women sewing at the native preachers . I became quite interested in this preacher's wife who had lived with Mrs.Snow . When on shore, one day, she asked me to show her how to cut a dress like my own . She had some new calico which Captain had exchanged with the minister for a pig. It was dark before the work was done, and as I could not have an opportunity to go on shore again, we invited her to come to the ship in the morning. About daylight, the next morning, the steward informed us that her boat was coming . Very soon thereafter we were at work , and about that time the King arrived . (He was in the habit of coming, or sending every morning, for his breakfast.) He was not the most agreeable of Monarchs. He had been served so much, and required so much homage from his subjects, that his ways were morose and selfish, and his voice that of the most severe command. His first arrival at our ship was while we were

on shore. He found his subjects had been taking copper from the Morning Star wreck and bringing it to our ship to sell . He said the minister had stolen it . As a wreck, he said it was all his. We did not blame the minister, nor think he had done anything wrong . The Morning Star was wrecked on his shore side of the island, and though the vessel had lain there three months. the King had never looked after it. Several of the natives had a small quantity of the copper, and the minister's wife had modern crockery and tin-ware enough to furnish a pantry , all of which looked so strange in a grass hut with a bamboo floor and no furniture.

Such was the fate of the Sunday School vessel in which so many of the children took stock. There will, no doubt, be another one built, as the Pacific must have the civilizing influences of one of these little messengers of peace.

The King does not allow any one of his subjects, not even his brother, to stand in his presence. It is wonderful to see how they will drop down on the floor or ground whenever in his presence, no matter how wet or dirty the place may be . When they walk past him they must bend their backs and hold their heads very low, and when they carry any of his bundles, things which he is to use, they must follow him on their knees.

On the morning above mentioned when the King came to our ship, he was surprised to see one of his subjects in the cabin, and the poor woman equally surprised to see her King. She writhed and twisted, but did not drop below the sofa. She hung her head till breakfast was ready . The King took his usual place at the table. but was much displeased when we invited her to join us, and was sullen and morose ever after, refusing to talk, except through a servant.

Such dignity and absolute monarchy I never saw before . In appearance he is inferior to others of the island . His features resemble the African more than the Malay. When Captain saw him at home, he wore the"native little,"(meaning nothing.) But when he came to the ship he had on an old style linen coat and pants, and underneath a heavy blue sailor's shirt, the effect of which was truly comical. The work of a Missionary is very encouraging, as seen in these natives, particularly the younger ones over whom they have had a direct influence. We cannot expect them to make Kings, but if they have so far influenced the King as to make him willing to let them teach on the island, then a good work has begun.

The King is very favorable toward the Missionary , and as his subjects are so obedient to, and stand in awe of him, the Missionary could do but little

if he were to oppose them. Though he is old and disagreeable , and not liable to change much, I feel like giving him due credit for not interfearing .

While at this island we drank nothing but cocoanut water, dispensing with both tea and coffee. It was here I learned to value the cocoanut. We took the nut, before the meat was set , when it would contain nearly a pint of water , which was always cool , and always clean.

March 12th.1870.

As was feared, our whaling did not amount to much in the vicinity of the Ladrone Islands. After trying three weeks , and watching for the spouting monsters , we left for the Volcano Islands , about one week's sail North West of the Ladrones. We found it no better here , and have taken only one hundred and eighty barrels .

These islands are at present uninhabited. Smoke and eteam rise constantly from them , and a smell of sulphur pervades the air.

The hills are bare and bleak in aspect, and no place could be more forlorn . I found myself looking upon the smoky, sulphurous, desolated place with a cold, passionless appreciation unconnected with the slightest regret at leaving it, or the least wish to behold it again. We did not anchor but laid off and on for a few days , and then raised our sails to the breeze which carried us to the Sulphur Islands where we were more successful in finding whales and left after taking three hundred barrels of oil.

One fails to gather inspiration from the scenes which this group of islands presents . The rich green verdure so common on the tropical islands is here missing; no wooded valleys folded between hills, overgrown with cocoa-palms and mango, are to be seen.

nothing but a forsaken place of drearyness, where showers of fine dust often falls for two or three days. I was glad when we took our departure, even though it was into a rough sea with heavy thunder, and the most zig-zag lightning I ever saw ,- and hail-stones the size of eggs falling thick and fast. Between the somberness of the islands and the terror of the storm , the past week has been a dismal one.

We are sailing for Japan , and I am anticipating much in the sight of that once forbidden country. I shall have all my letters ready for mailing on arrival at Yokohama, where we shall probably remain a month.

April 4th.

P.S.

We left Sulphur Islands two weeks ago and anchored yesterday in Yeddo Bay, Japan. Our passage here was rough. All that I may have to say about the city of Yokohama I shall leave for my next letter.

Japan Hotel.
Yokohama,
April 30th.1870.

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This is a peculiar city,and I hardly know how to commence a description of its peculiarities . This hotel, the best in the city, is a stone structure two stories high , which is a story higher than most of the buildings , and amply high enough for an earthquake island such as this is. The most inviting part of the house is the dining-room ; large,airy and lined with tropical plants in luzurious bloom. The hotel not being managed by natives , but conducted entirely by Americans, one could not realize they were in a foreign country , but once outside, and on the streets, the whole aspect and atmosphere was changed to a full realization that it is Japan. The streets are narrow and the stores and

buildings decidedly on the hut ordre. To us it seemed more like an extensive exposition of foreign goods, and we wandered through the shops and streets as we would through an exhibition or country fair , but with increased wonder and amazement; everything being so odd and novel , yet beautiful to behold. I have nade a great many purchases of such novelties as I never saw before , and have enjoyed the shopping and sight-seeing to the fullest extent. But with all the interest and pleasure incident to a sojourn in an unfamiliar country and among a strange people , I could not expel from my mind the thought of volcanos and earthquakes with which this island abounds . Though many of the mountains are extinct volcanos, there is no quieting assurance that they may never become active. Mount Fujisan, or (Fusi-Yamma) is a very high one , over twelve thousand feet above sea level, and is visible

for a long distance seaward. The natives regard it as a sacred mountain , and it is often ascended by the pilgrims . It has a crater said to be very deep and, I am informed that when it was in eruption the ashes fell here in this city to quite a depth , and it is over fifty miles distant. Every morning and evening, when the air was clear, we had a distinct view of the famous volcanic peak , rising in the western heaven, high above the hills . In the evenings its solitary cone, of a pale violet hue, was defined with great distinctness against the rosy flush of sunset, but in the morning, when the light fell full upon it, we could see the scars of old eruptions, and the cold ravines of snow on its northern side . From our anchorage we enjoyed a charming panorama of the bay. It far surpassed my preconceived idea of Japan scenery. Some parts of the shore are bold and steep, running here and there

into lofty bluffs of light-gray rock, but the greater part of it is covered with turf, copsewood and scattered groves of trees, all of the brightest and freshest green. In other places, the shore is less abrupt, and shows more signs of cultivation. The hills behind, though not above five hundred feet in height, are beautifully undulating in their outlines, and dotted with groves of pine and other trees. Many scattered villages, the houses of which are of wood, with sharp roofs, some pointed in the Chinese style, some square and pyramidal. A few were painted white, but the greater number were unpainted and weather-beaten.

Earthquakes have often taken place, but of late years not as destructive as formerly. Since our arrival, we were startled by what they called a "slight shock," slight as it was, it caused the plastering to drop off in the house where I was visiting.

Notwithstanding these alarming conditions , the people go and come just the same, and I suppose I must overcome my fears and do likewise. It is disappointing to have no better means of transport than there is for seeing more of the outlying country, which, I am informed , is very pretty, and well worth seeing. Excepting in the hilly regions, there is to be seen luxurient vegetation. The roads are lined with beautiful trees of great height. We made one trip in a Sedan Chair carried by two coolies trotting along like ponies. The chair is made of bamboo in shape of a square box, and contained two seats. The sensation was somewhat like being carried in a chair from room to room, or out into the air . They carried us into the country to the celebrated Temples; passing along a road, which is said to be forty or fifty miles long , with cedars and pines on each side , making

the most beautiful avenue I ever saw . The bamboo is abundant and very useful, being used for more purposes than I can ever tell . Fruit trees are of various varieties, but I do not think the fruit is as good as I have found elsewhere. The camphor tree flourishes here, from the wood of which is made camphor boxes and chests. Captain has purchased some of the wood for the purpose of having some chests made by our ship-carpenter.

I do not see but what these islands contain all the earth-products to be found in the United States, and they have all kinds of climate , from perpetual summer in the most southern groups, to arctic temperature in the most northern. It is said that April weather is the most desirable of any month of the year in this part of the island. They have their rainy season, and about once a year those terrible tyfoons, on account

of which, together with the earthquake shocks , they do not erect any high buildings, but adhere to the ancient huts and bungalows.

I must not omit mention of the heavy dealing here in silkworm eggs, and cocoons; old as history claims Japan to be, it is marvelous that with so many gifts of nature at her command , greater advancement has not been made. But under the the feudal system , governed by lords progress is retarded rather than advanced, but with the great possibilities and future progress in civilization the country will become more and more self-sustaining.

Our time here is now short, and what a long, long time it will be before we can hear from each other . Soon we shall be moving northward, braving the billows ; island after island will fade from green to violet, and from violet to the dim, pale blue that finally blends with the air.

Siberian Coast.
Arctic Ocean.
July 17th.1870.

...

After sailing from Japan our voyage was much the same as former ones, detailed account of which would be almost a repetition of my letters of former years , so I shall skip over the days from then till June , at which time we had some peculiar experience. We are now in the Arctic Ocean and having daylight all the time with pleasant weather. Yesterday I visited the ship Hercules, and spent the afternoon with Mrs. Mc.Kenzie, and did not return till eleven P.M. It was lovely twi-light and did not grow dim , as the new day soon dawned. Captain has gone on the sea for walrus, and is frequently away from twelve to fourteen hours at a time. We have had a warm pleasant season thus far, and have not had -

our usual pounding in the ice , though several times severely packed. Our ship, in some places, shows the new clean wood, and looks about as well as those fresh from home . We had no copper to lose, but their copper is hanging in all directions . The season has been very late and very icy, and several of the ships are badly damaged. We have had an experience somewhat different from other ships . I will try to give you some idea of it. Twice in the early part of the season we were packed remote from other ships. We saw a few whales, but generally the ice was too soft to run upon , and too heavy to work a boat, so we were obliged to make the best of looking at them. They were very few and going quite fast. Between these two times of being packed, we had a day or two in clear water . The second time we came out of the ice was about the first of June , and we sailed North a day or two thinking our icing was over

when we came again to another pack, and supposing it to be a narrow strip , we went into it with a good breeze thinking soon to get through, but instead, the ice became stronger, larger and heavier. Our breeze died away and we were packed again , and in the month of June too, before reaching the Straits . In this plight we remained for three days in a generous fog. When the fog lifted , the ship Florida, Captain Frazier, was our neighbor . He came to our ship, walking on the ice. He, like ourselves, was quite disgusted to find himself packed. He spent two days with us and brought a lot of reading matter. We had all given up the hope of spring whaling , and as the walrusing begins the middle of June , all were in haste to get the first and easiest catch. Between fifty and sixty ships were all walrusing and going into the Arctic sea after them. Formerly but little attention was given to walrusing by whalers,but it

is now difficult to get a season's work here without it. There are many with no oil since last season, and sailing at great expense. The walrus keep up a terrible bellowing and roaring, being chased so severely they do not find time to feed. When Captain Frazier left our ship we bade him good night, expecting to see him the next day, but during the night a breeze came and the ice opened a little, and in the morning he was not our neighbor, and we have not seen him since. We lingered in this way for several days, and one night, while we were in a solid pack, a strong breeze, almost a gale, from the South came up and we drifted for miles with the floe, not knowing that we moved at all. When the fog raised, on a Sunday morning, Captain found, to his dismay, that we had drifted to the head of the Anadys sea, one of the most undesirable places in the whole ocean. Captain Frazier's ship was in sight, but not so far up as we were, and two other ships

were in the same condition. In the head of this sea, between two mountain ranges, we sailed or drifted just where the tide, ice and current chose to take us, and kept us going back and forth , sometimes one way, sometimes another. I do not suppose it was more than eighteen or twenty miles wide, and on each zig-zag we came very near the shore . We could afford to be brace the first day, but as day after day passed we found that we were drifting South onto a narrow strip of land called the Samd Spit; the anxious inquiry was made, "when and where shall we stop ?" and we feared the answer, not being so brave. Every tide lessened the depth of the water ; the mountains looked large, and near them the huts of the natives appeared, and then the natives themselves were visible. We were not more than half a mile from the beach, with three and three fourths fathoms of water beneath us , and our ship

drawing someting less than three fathoms: less than one fathom to spare. When in about seven fathoms we dropped two anchors, but when the tide was coming , and the immense pack crowding, the ship, anchors and all were light before the mighty strength and force of the ice . We could not trust much to our anchors, but tried to think that we did not go quite as fast with them dragging, but as the water grew less we felt the drag. When the tides were rising , the ice moved with a great noise, but otherwise the ship was still and the weather mild. We had dense fogs , and if we had struck the bottom there was nowhere to go till the ice opened, and as the bottom was sandy we could without doubt have remained on board till some one could pick us up. We could have depended upon the Victoria, (by which these letters go,) but it would have been a long time before she could have reached us,

and it would have been a summer of great disappointment and sadness. These fogs have seemed like beautiful veils hiding the dark mountaind from our view . While in that place we did not see the land for three days,- it was good not to see it. The ice changed continually about us though we could not see it move. Captain flagged one cake, and a after it left us through the fog, it returned and passed the ship at a distance. The most distressing period was one week from the day we found ourselves at the head of the sea. The following Sunday we had a quarter less than four fathoms, and for another whole week afterwards we had only this small depth of water under us. During this time we drifted along the shore rather than towards it. An immense floe came down upon us , and some of the heavy fields drifted past, and on all sides were masses of ice aground.

It was a relief, and we began to hope that the ice, which had been the cause of our trouble , would be the means of saving us . After one week. making two weeks of anxious suspense , a strong wind broke up the ice, and it disappeared, when, where or how we knew not. Little by little we worked our way through, and not more than two or three miles from the place of our dire distress , clear blue water received us.

I forgive Columbus for kissing the earth: I could have kissed those dark blue waters.

It was pleasant to hear the water on the sides of the ship again. and it looked so strange after having the white glare of the ice before my eyes for nearly three months. The other ships were out of the ice a week before we were. We had now given up the walrus , as we finished last year about the time we could begin this year , and we knew other ships would have been two or three weeks among them.

This will be my last opportunity for mailing letters ; when we leave here it will be to sail direct for home, the long. long voyage South around the Horn, and up through the South Atlantic, skirting its eastern shore to the port from which this good old ship sailed out nearly seven years ago, and with our perilous voyages ended, be once more amid familiar scenes of home, surrounded by dear friends whose good wishes have kindly followed us over the stormy sea.

Large quantities of commercial whalebone are obtained from the right whale of the Pacific, though the material is heavier and coarser than that yielded by the bowhead. The "finback" and the "humpback" whales are also producers of whalebone, though of still lower grade.

In view of the present situation in regard to whalebone, it seems strange to consider the fact that even as late as a century ago whalers commonly threw it away rather than take the trouble to bring it home. Early in the nineteenth century it was so cheap that few whaling vessels took pains to save it, the price then being only ten cents a pound in the crude. It rose in 1833 to thirteen cents a pound, and in that year, if all of it had been saved from the whales captured during the twelvemonth (basing the estimate on the production of whale oil for the year) it would be worth $9,000,000 at the present market price.

A time is surely coming before many years have passed when only a few women in the world will be able to buy or to use whalebone at all. It is destined to become a precious substance, the cost of it rising to such a point that the surviving whales will be eagerly pursued to the final extinction of their species. Persons now living will see pieces of whalebone exhibited in museums as curiosities.

There are a good many kinds of whales, but only a few of them produce whalebone. Chief among these is the huge "bowhead" of the Arctic seas, which during many years past has yielded the bulk of the commercial supply of whalebone. Often 2,000 pounds of the material is obtained from the jaws of a single one of these huge marine mammals, and in one recorded instance a bowhead whale gave to its captors 3,100 pounds of whalebone.

The bowhead and other whalebone whales have no teeth. Instead, their jaws are furnished with a series of long tapering slabs of a horny substance, fringed along the lower edge with hair which somewhat resembles that of a horse's tail.

These slabs are inserted in the gum of the upper jaw, from which they hang, and the number of them varies from 260 to 360 on each side. Thus there may be 600 or more of them in the mouth of the bowhead, and, inasmuch as the biggest of them are ten or twelve feet in length, they provide a most extraordinary equipment.

This apparatus is designed by nature to serve the purpose of a sieve. The whalebone whales feed on squids and other small pelagic mollusks, which they take into their wide-open mouths in vast numbers as they swim. At intervals the mouth, which might be compared to a gigantic trap, is closed, and, the slabs entering and fitting into grooves in the lower jaw, the water is expelled. But the slabs, with their fringe of hair, prevent the escape of the mollusks aforesaid, which thereupon are swallowed at a gulp.

The slabs are not very firmly fixed in the upper jaw. They are buried in the gum for only about a foot of their length—which is sufficient to hold them in place, because in life the structure is supported by the throat, tongue and lips.

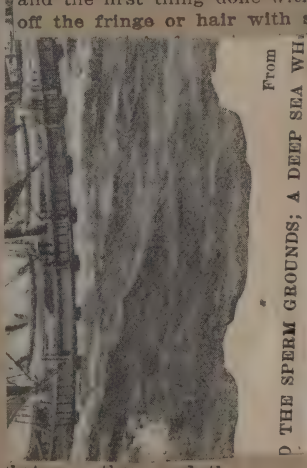
After the death of the animal they are easily detached—so easily, in fact, that when the upper jaw is hoisted on board of a whaling vessel the slabs are usually lashed fast in order to prevent them from dropping out and going overboard. Once on board they are separated from the jaw by running a cutting spade along between them and the gum, the jaw being suspended from tackle to facilitate the operation. Then they are washed with salt water and dried in the sun on deck.

This is the shape in which they come to the market, done up in bundles. They are thin and very light in proportion to their size, whalebone being a substance of no great weight, as anybory may notice. A slab ten feet in length does not weigh ordinarily more than about four pounds. In this crude form whalebone is of the familiar grayish-black color, the slabs having a sort of enamel on the surface, while their inner structure is fibrous.

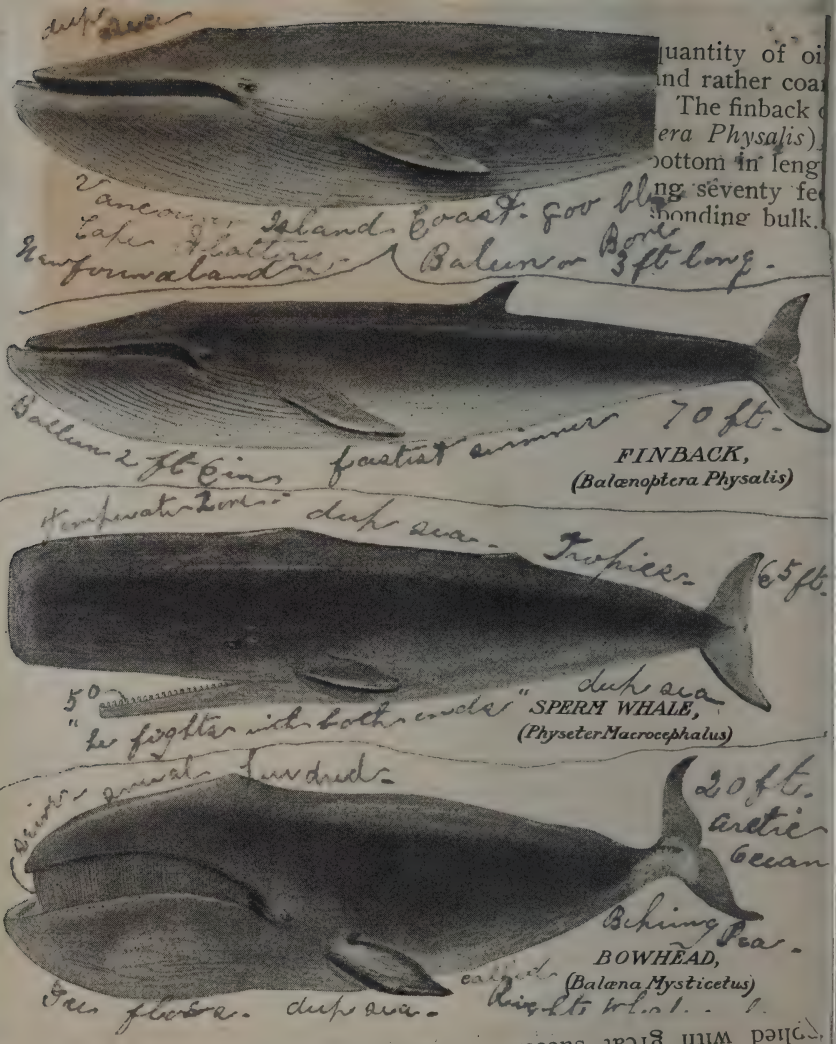
The structure in question, by the way, is very curious, the slabs being apparently made of masses of hair closely compacted—the same sort of hair that makes the fringes along their edges. They represent a transition between hair and horn, the fibres running lengthwise with perfect regularity, so that it is possible to split the material into layers of utmost thinness by means of a draw-knife or other such tool. A glance at a corset-bone will illustrate the point perfectly.

But a slab of whalebone is not of the same quality throughout. The best part of it for commercial uses is the lower edge (as it lies in the mouth of the whale), and from this portion are obtained the strips of what is known as "shell bone," or "dress bone," which costs $10 a pound. Strips of this kind of whalebone come to market in lengths of thirty-six inches and five-sixteenths of an inch wide.

Neary all of the whalebone that comes to market in this country is cut in New York and Boston. It arrives at the factory in the form of slabs, done up in bundles of fifteen or twenty, rough cleaned, and the first thing done with it is to cut off the fringe or hair with shears.



From
D THE SPERM GROUNDS; A DEEP SEA WH



FINBACK,
(Balænoptera Physalis)

SPERM WHALE,
(Physeter Macrocephalus)

BOWHEAD,
(Balæna Mysticetus)

quantity of oi
nd rather coa
The finback
era Physalis)
ottom in leng
ng seventy fe
bonding bulk.

head, significant names, too, for the California gray was a wicked fighter. At times the deep-sea whalers visiting the coast, joined in the pursuit of the gray, though working their ships close to the shore was attended with considerable risk and was not favored as a rule.

In the fifties of the last century on this coast, "whaling station" was the

The humpback predomi-
in proportion to the
akes of the off-shore wha-
wo distinct branches of the
try, deep-sea whaling, pur-
ically the same manner to-
nturies past, and off-shore
which latter modern methods
plied with great success.

The actual hunting was carried on in very similar manner to that conducted from the ships. A look-out was kept on shore from the highest point available and when whales were sighted a signal was given and the hunters put forth in their boats to give chase. The boat's crew consisted of four oarsmen, the harpooner and steersman, six in all. On coming to close quarters with a whale the harpooner, watching his opportunity, would send home his weapon with line attached; some nice boat work then being called for to keep clear of the plunging mammal, and the fight was on. The next two or three hours were anxious ones, as the boat was towed for miles by the maddened whale, and often the other boats would join in the chase, driving their irons when possible, until, weakened by his efforts to escape and loss of blood, the whale rose to the surface for the last time and the hunters ended his life by lance-thrusts in vital spots. Then the prize was taken in tow to the station to be cut up, the blubber rendered into oil and the baleen extracted from the mouth. No thought of turning the carcass to account existed, whereas to-day every portion of the whale, even the blood, is converted into some useful

a chill and ghastly
e sea and hid her
a bird with broken
rned homing barks
away.

Then shot a sun-shaft; like a phantom host,
Born of the night and mailed in sullen white;
The river mists drew off and lo! the coast
Lay green and glad beyond the waters gray.
—[RICHARD BURTON.

ON BOARD U.S.S. LOUISIANA, MAGDALENA BAY, April 7.—The time was when the natives of Lower California who visited this bay referred to it as "accursed of God."

No fresh water was to be found upon or near its shores; none nearer than sixty miles. Men and animals have died of thirst here. Epidemics have blighted the numbers of those who have remained to fight the tragic battle with nature. Buccaneers and pirates have made this beautiful sheet of water a rendezvous.

Even the priests of modern religion have fled from its shores. No man of holy orders comes nowadays to baptize the newly-born or bury the dead. No green ever brightens the bare, brown hills which shut off the Pacific or the low reaches of white sands on the other side—sands where heat specters dance in the clear sunshine as if to proclaim the lure of the desert.

And yet about 125 persons—it would hardly be fitting to say souls, not in Magdalena Bay, at any rate—live here, defying nature and smiling over it in as desolate, barren a place as one could find, within easy reach of comfort and the institutions of modern civilization.

There are about forty women in the colony, and there are nearly a score of children and as many dogs and half a dozen cattle. The curse of nature can not prevent the ring of laughter of the children and they and the dogs play together and the happy no-care of childhood that fears not, thinks not of death's shadow even when it hovers almost overhead.

MAGDALENA PERFECT HARBOR.

Forbidding and almost hateful as are the shores of the bay, the bay itself is a possession that would be priceless if the United States owned it. Nothing but conquest could ever make our own country part with it. No more perfect bay can be found on the shore of any country in the world. It is a perfect shelter. Anchorage can be found anywhere in it except very close to its upper shores. The breezes of the afternoon and night ruffle its surface with white crests almost constantly. Fog rarely blankets its vistas. Nature has made it perfect as a sheet of water, and then, as if to set it apart for military needs, left its shores barren of fresh water and made the place inhospitable to commerce and trade.

Would you like a rest cure? Take your tents and your food and water—you can forget all else but water, for you could live here on the fish and game that you could catch—and come to Magdalena Bay. Nowhere else in the world, except in the solitude of the untracked forest, will you find greater opportunities for rest in a perfect climate, with bright sunshine prevailing all the time, and just enough of heat, tempered with cool breezes, to make one feel that all fresh, pure air came originally from this place.

PLACE TO TAKE REST CURE.

If you are impatient and have no need of a rest cure, and if you have nothing practically to do, but paint ship and let your conscience get in its work of deadly research of your conduct, no place in the world would drive you wild quicker than Magdalena Bay. Your eye will travel over the spiny ridge of hills that hide it from the Pacific, a ridge whose sharp crest has never been blunted by generous rainfall, and whose appearance is such that you feel that if you climbed to its edges they would cut you in two, and you know every undulation and can mark their outlines in the dark with a pencil with the accuracy of a photograph.

You project your vision to the wide entrance from the ocean, and hour after hour you can look for some sail or the smoke of a steamer, and all you get out of it is practices in vacant staring. You can look over to the land side of the bay and see a few sand dunes, and the hours drag along and you wonder if the last sunrise of your stay will ever come. The warships cease to interest you and you are ready to prove that life is a burden. Here is the center of solitude.

But if you want to get away from all others and live only with yourself, come to Magdalena Bay. You will not find the desert here. If you like peace and quiet and can fish and shoot, you will find this a paradise. As soon as you arrive you will see vast numbers of sea birds, cormorants, pelican, man-of-war birds and gulls, fishing, flying, resting about the bay, and at night you will find thousands upon thousands of these birds at rest upon two small islands.

If you disturb these birds in the fishing in the daytime perhaps forty or fifty pelicans will rise up from the water and, keeping perfect intervals, just as men-of-war do on a cruise, fly off to safety. Indeed, you will revise your nomenclature. You will no longer say a flock of birds, you will say a fleet of birds.

BAY TEEMS WITH FISH.

And then after you have pitched your tents and got out your boats, you will find the rarest of sport in fishing. You can pull in Spanish mackerel by the score, immense yellowtails that give you a game fight, bonitas and great sea bass. You can see seals by the hundreds, and now and then you can steal up close enough to one to witness a royal fight between him and a yellowtail, and you get a pointer as to the way nature trains its animal life when you see a big seal with a monster fish in his jaws, holding the flapping and struggling fish out of water until it dies, and thus supplies Mr. Seal with a fine meal.

You can find immense turtles here, those that furnish choice morsels to epicures. You can see tortoises, whose shells are worth their weight in gold. You can pick up shells with tiny pearls in them if you know the game. You can get mother of pearl shells and the nacre shell, and if you want big fishes you can tackle porpoises, sharks and occasionally a whale. The richness of the sea is yours if you're inclined that way.

And when you are tired with fishing take up your gun and go across the bay and up the stretches of lagoons, and you will find marlin, curlew, yellow legs and graybacks and ducks in profusion. They almost wait for you to come and shoot, and at times you have to frighten them to take wing so that you exercise true sportsmanship and give your quarry a chance for its life. Yes, with fish and birds in plenty, one need not starve here if he has hooks and line and a boat and a gun and ammunition for it. It's a hupting and fishing paradise.


175°
180°
175°
170°
165°
160°
Evans Pt.
Waring Pt.
HERALD I.
WRANGELL I.
C.Thomas
C.Hawaii
Rodgers Harv.
C.Chelagskoi
C.Kyker
C.Koburnoi
C.Yakan
ARCTIC
OCEAN
Franklin B.
Pt.Collie
Icy C.
Pt.Lay
HAUN BAY
C.North
TAKAKOGIN
C.Wankarem
C.Lisburne
Coal Mines
Initkitly
Pt.Hope
Mt.Kelly
C.Krusenstern
C.Espenberg
KOTZEBUE SD.
Noatak
Pt.Morton
Kuk.
EASTERN
SIBERIA
ARCTIC CIRCLE
Kuliuchin Bay
C.Onman
BURNEY I.
C.Shelagin
CORWIN I.
C.Serdze
Shishmaref Inlet
East C.
DIOMEDE IS.
BERING STRAIT
CANDLE
C.Prince of Wales
SEWARD PENINSULA
C.Numiano
C.Kreguginy
YORK
HOLY CROSS BAY
MECHKEN I.
Anadir R.
C.Bering
C.St.Basil
GULF OF ANADIR
Anadir Bay
KING I.
KELLETT
Silver Mines
COUNCIL
DICKEN
NORTON SD.
NOME
C.Rodney
C.Nome
CAPE NOME
Indian Pt.
C.Chibukak
West C.
ST.LAWRENCE I.
N.E.C.
S.E.C.
STUART I.
ST.MICHAEL
Pastolik
ANVIK
KOTLIK
SAND IS.
C.Dyer
Kushvak
ANDREAFSKY
C.Rumiantzof
Etolin Str.
NELSON I.
BETHEL
C.Navarin
C.Opukhinski
C.Wittgenstein
HALL I.
ST.MATTHEW I.
PINNACLE I.
C.Etolin
NUNIVAK I.
BERING SEA
C.Menadenhall
C.Avinof
Kuskokwim B.
C.Newenham
HAGEMEISTER I.
C.Constantine
C.Stroganoff
C.Rodgnot
ST.PAUL I.
WALRUS I.
PRIBILOF IS.
OTTER I.
ST.GEORGE I.
UNIMAK I.
C.Sarichef
AKUTAN I.
SANNAKH
C.Khituk
SCOTCH CAP
DUTCH HARBOR
UNALASKA
UMNAK I.
Nikolski
UNALASKA I.
ALEUTIAN ISLANDS
ATTU I.
SEMICHI I.
NEAR IS.
AGATTU I.
BULDIR I.
KYSKA I.
RAT IS.
SEMISOPOCHNOI I.
TANAGA I.
KANAGA I.
SITKIN I.
ATKA I.
SEGUAM I.
AMLIA I.
FOX IS.
IS. OF FOUR MOUNTAINS
AMCHITKA I.
ADAKH I.
IS.
AMATIGNOF I.
ANDREANOF
NORTH PACIFIC
Page 189.
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Some of the True Yarns Which the Veterans of the Fleet Spin in the "Capital of the Whaling World."



NOWADAYS there ain't much real whaling done out of New Bedford, but what there is is full of romance and riskiness," said an ancient mariner in the "capital of the whaling world."

I had gone to New Bedford for the express purpose of meeting the whaling captains, and I found the trip more than worth while. Although mills are now more important to it than whales, the romance of the past still hangs about the old town on Buzzard's Bay, and from its harbor ships still put out in search of the leviathans.

The chase is no less dangerous than it ever was. Indeed, one of the first yarns that I heard was the account of the sinking, as recently as 1902, of the bark Kathleen by a whale. Only two other similar instances have occurred in the history of the whaling world, and both hailed from New Bedford.

with the whaling fleet. The long
s of the Seven Seas, the rich rewards
in store for the lucky, and the perils and suffering with which the rewards must be purchased have created as hardy and adventurous a breed of seamen as the world has ever known. The business has fallen on evil days since 1846, when there were seven hundred and thirty-five vessels in the American fleet and the annual catch was valued at about ten millions of dollars, but the thirty or so ships which still seek for the leviathans under the Stars and Stripes run the same dangers and live the same lives that their more fortunate predecessors did.

In the old town of New Bedford the spirit of the old days hangs over the wharfs and docks, nourished by the achievements of the whalers of to-day, who still come and go from the historic headquarters of their industry.

Gift of
Lawrence Wheeler Thorne
Nov 10 16
9/1178.

